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Shall We Scrap Our Calendar?

The plan to make a year of thirteen months of four weeks each has been sponsored by many business men. A discussion of the move for calendar reform and a description of the proposed International Fixed Calendar will appear in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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The Outlook

Volume 147 September 21, 1927 Number 3

The White House at Peace

WASHINGTON may well be, for the President, more quiet and more restful than were the Black Hills. Mr. Coolidge did much to make it so before he returned from his vacation; he has done much in the short time since his return.

Before his return, he had removed himself from the Presidential field, and therefore in the main from worrying and being worried by the politicians. Since his return, he has got rid of the specter of a special session of Congress, or even of the Senate alone. After brief conference with Representative Tilson and Senator Curtis, Republican floor leaders of the two houses, he decided that no special session was necessary, thus relieving himself—for three months, at any rate—of a President's chief source of worry.

It is easy to believe that the President may now have a period of peaceful living in the White House. He comes back to it not merely from a vacation in the Black Hills but from an enforced sojourn in an old house on DuPont Circle. He is the first to live under the new roof of the White House. May he have under it for the rest of his term those peaceful pleasures that are his desire and his desert.

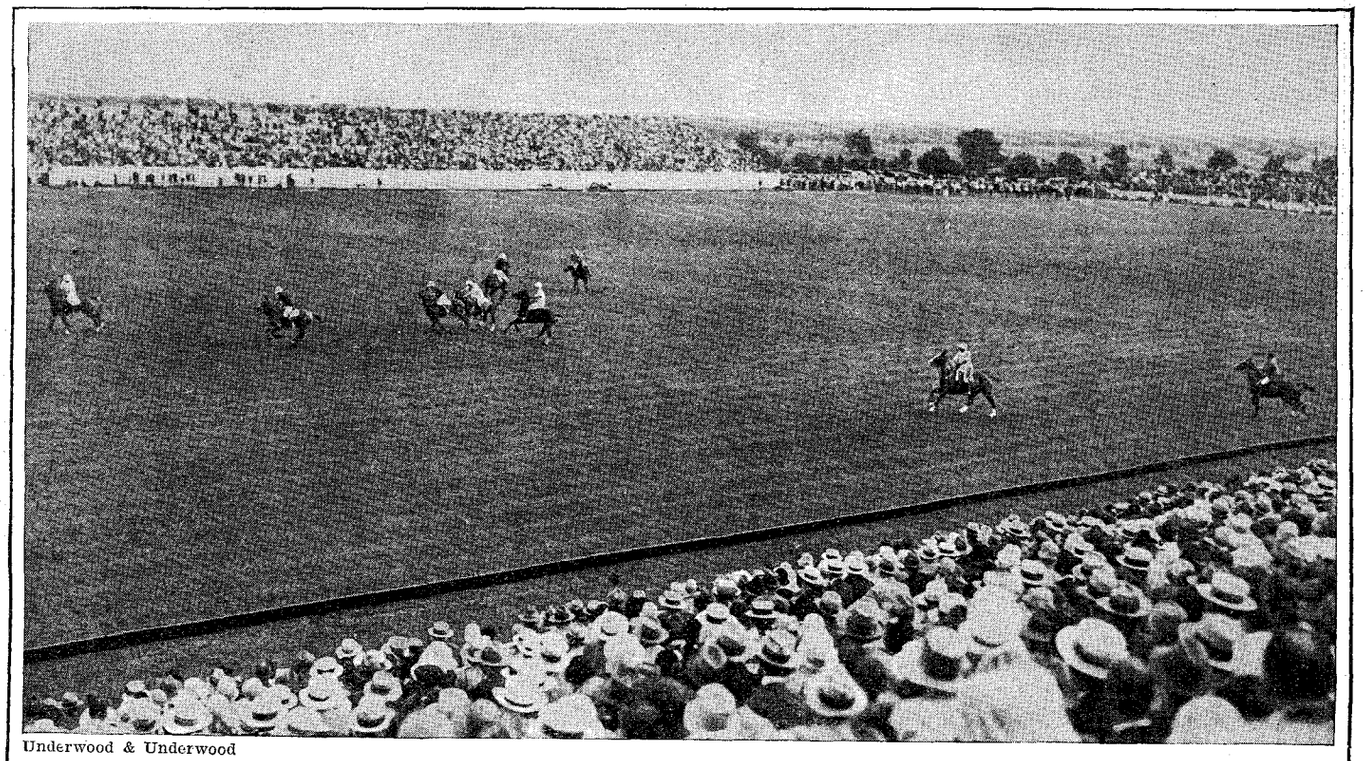
Turning on the Light in Indiana

LIGHT is beginning to penetrate the dark doings of Indiana politics and government. Governor Jackson has been indicted on two charges, conspiracy to commit a felony and attempted bribery. With him were indicted on the same charges his former law partner, Robert I. Marsh, and the Chairman of the Marion County Republican Committee, George V. Coffin. On the same day, John L. Duvall, Mayor of Indianapolis, was indicted on the charge of violating the corrupt practices act.

Indictment does not, of course, prove guilt, and there should be no pre-judging of these men in the public mind. But indictment does prove that reasonable ground exists for believing that crime has been committed. The significant thing is that, at last, the cold light of the lamp of the law will be turned upon a maze of charge and counter charge, of scheme and counter scheme, in what was undoubtedly one of the most deplorable political situations that any State has known.

There will be many to claim triumph as the result of these indictments. Among them will be D. C. Stephenson, the convict who once was the most awesome of all the Grand Dragons of the Ku Klux Klan—who had as his attorney in those days one of the men now indicted, Robert I. Marsh. Among those to claim triumph will also be Thomas H. Adams, the Vincennes editor. The fact is, however, that neither Stephenson's threats nor Adams's exposures amounted to much.

The triumph belongs, more than to all other men, to William H. Remy, the young Marion County Prosecutor. By regular, plodding, legal methods he has accomplished this thing over innumerable obstacles. He had the patience—and the nerve—to let one grand jury after another expire without pressing his charges to an issue, until at last a grand



Underwood & Underwood

In the first of the matches of 1927 for the international polo cup played at the Meadowbrook Club on Long Island, New York, the British team was overwhelmed, 13–3, by the American "Big Four," Devereaux Milburn, Captain; Malcolm Stevenson, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and J. Watson Webb

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jury came into existence which would indict.

This young man has rendered, already, a tremendously great service. He has proved the fallacy of the contention that, under exceptional circumstances such as existed in Indiana, the constituted machinery of the law cannot be depended upon to find the facts. He has proved that, after all, the legal method is a surer method than propaganda and public hysteria. We are glad to remember that our correspondent, who went to Indiana to investigate at the height of the furore last November, paid Mr. Remy the compliment of believing that he would accomplish this result.

The work, of course, is not completed. There will very likely be other indictments, possibly many of them. And the trials are still for the future.

The Chicago Movie Strike

As a result of disagreements and friction between the Moving Picture Operators' Union and the Exhibitors' Association, practically all the four hundred moving-picture houses in Chicago were closed on Monday, August 29, and remained closed until September 4.

One moving-picture circuit, the theaters it controls or owns, and all the working employees became involved in a question as to whether four or two operators were required by the existing agreement. One theater changed from exclusive moving-picture work to combined vaudeville and picture performances and discharged two out of its four operators under the letter of the general agreement. The unions claimed that the change was unfair and called out operators in all the circuit houses, whereupon the Exhibitors' Association ordered a lockout and closed practically all places of amusement in Chicago that show moving pictures.

There are three unions concerned with the operation of moving-picture theaters —operators, stage-hands, and musicians. The situation was complicated by the fact that the agreements between the exhibitors, on the one hand, and the stage-hands and musicians, on the other, were expiring. The stage-hands engaged in a strike for higher wages for themselves. In the background, our Chicago correspondent tells us, is a long period of dissatisfaction of the exhibitors with what they term the arbitrary and high-handed tactics of the operators and the stage-hands.

After the theaters had been dark for about a week representatives of the two sides were brought together in conference. The result finally reached satisfied both sides fairly well.

The extent of this strike brings out strongly the immense amount of capital and number of men employed in this business. The estimate of the daily loss to the theater-owners on account of the closing is given as $225,000 or $1,350,000 in all.

Twenty Destitute Counties

In order to be eligible for jury service in Arkansas one must have paid his poll tax. A criminal trial was postponed recently in one of the flooded counties of that State because it was impossible to find twelve men who had been able to meet this obligation. This, at least, is the story that the daily newspapers have told. Even when due allowance is made for exaggeration, it indicates something of what Secretary of Commerce Hoover found upon his recent return to the overflow area.

Sixty thousand persons, it is said, are still dependent upon the Red Cross for food and clothing. Of the 101 counties flooded, all but twenty have measurably recovered. Crops of some sort have been grown; and, while there may be little money coming in, men are managing to feed and shelter their families. This may seem small progress toward recovery but it is, in fact, a marvelous achievement.

The destitute twenty counties, where such achievement has not been possible, are all in Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Ninety per cent of the land in them, it is said, is owned by small farmers who will harvest no money crop and, if they are to stay on the land, must be financed for the making of future crops. "This," says one of the correspondents accompanying Secretary Hoover, "is the biggest of all problems growing out of the flood." But it is not.

The biggest problem has been and will continue to be, not relief, but prevention. To put the prostrated counties again on their feet would be no solution if they were to be left subject to disaster again and again. Prevention is a long task, a heroic task, not for the Government alone, but for the people of the Valley.

Columbus, Kentucky, is setting an example. The entire town, founded more than a hundred and fifty years ago, is in process of moving. Every lot owner has deeded his land to the city, with the stipulation that it is not to be used again for residential purposes. The city has deeded to every lot owner a new lot on the bluffs back from the river. All houses that can be moved are being moved to newly made streets on the high ground. Those that cannot be moved are being razed.

Other communities may not all be able to follow the example of Columbus in detail—for many of them, there is no high ground—but they can all learn from it appreciation of the fact that, if the Valley is to be freed from the danger of flood disaster, communities must themselves take heroic steps.

Federal Reserve Powers

The Charter of the Federal Reserve Banking System expires in 1934. It is probable that the institution will come up for much reviewing in the next Congress through a desire to secure early legislation for its renewal and from disputes that have developed as to its powers.

The latest of these arises over the question of fixing the rediscount rate of interest to be charged by the regional banks. Hitherto this has been a local question, and the rates have usually reached a parity by mutual adjustments. In this way eleven regional Federal Reserve Banks—all except the one in Chicago—came some time ago to a 3½ per cent rate. Chicago held to 4. As a result the Federal Reserve Board in Washington has ordered the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank to cut its rediscount rate to 3½ per cent. There followed a protest, based upon the alleged right of the regionals to act independently, backed by the claim that centralization of the power to fix the rate is contrary to the meaning of the law, is dangerous, and can be unfairly applied. Already the announcement is made that Senator Glass, one of the authors of the Federal Reserve Act, will lead a fight in Congress to have the rate-making power lodged definitely with the regional banks.

The situation grows out of a complexity difficult to remedy. Of late more than $3,200,000,000 is kept regularly employed in financing operations on the New York Stock Exchange. This is "call" money, loaned subject to repayment on demand. A sudden shift in the discount rate—that is to say the price charged for the use of the money—can easily upset the market. Such a case occurred some months ago when the regional bank in Philadelphia changed its rate in the closing hours of the market. Wall Street had a seismic shudder in consequence.

As half of the money loaned in Wall Street comes from country banks it can readily be seen that without a uniform rediscount rate things are apt to be

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Yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

(Twelfth Night, Act IV, Scene 2)

Cartoon by Knott

Remember the fable of the foolish farmer and his goose ?

Knott in the Dallas News

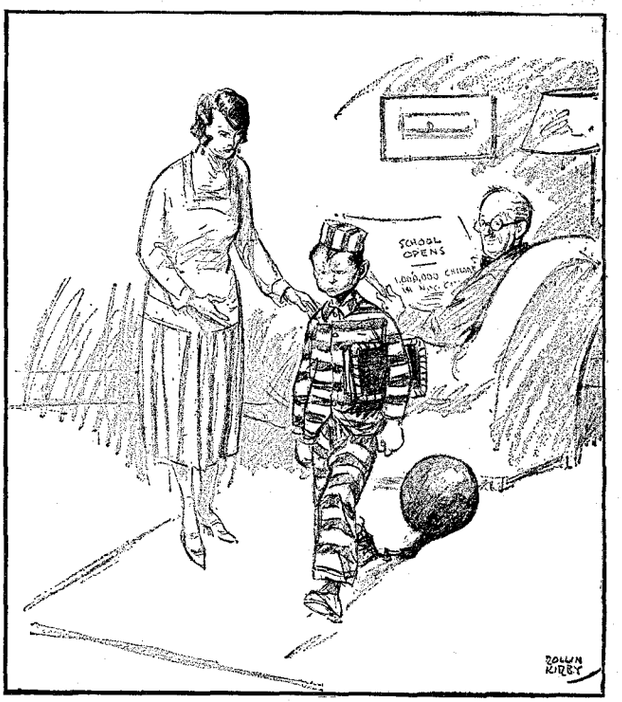
" I'm too old, Honey "

Kirby in the New York World

A game two can play at

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. N. Y.

Kirby in the New York World



As Willie sees himself

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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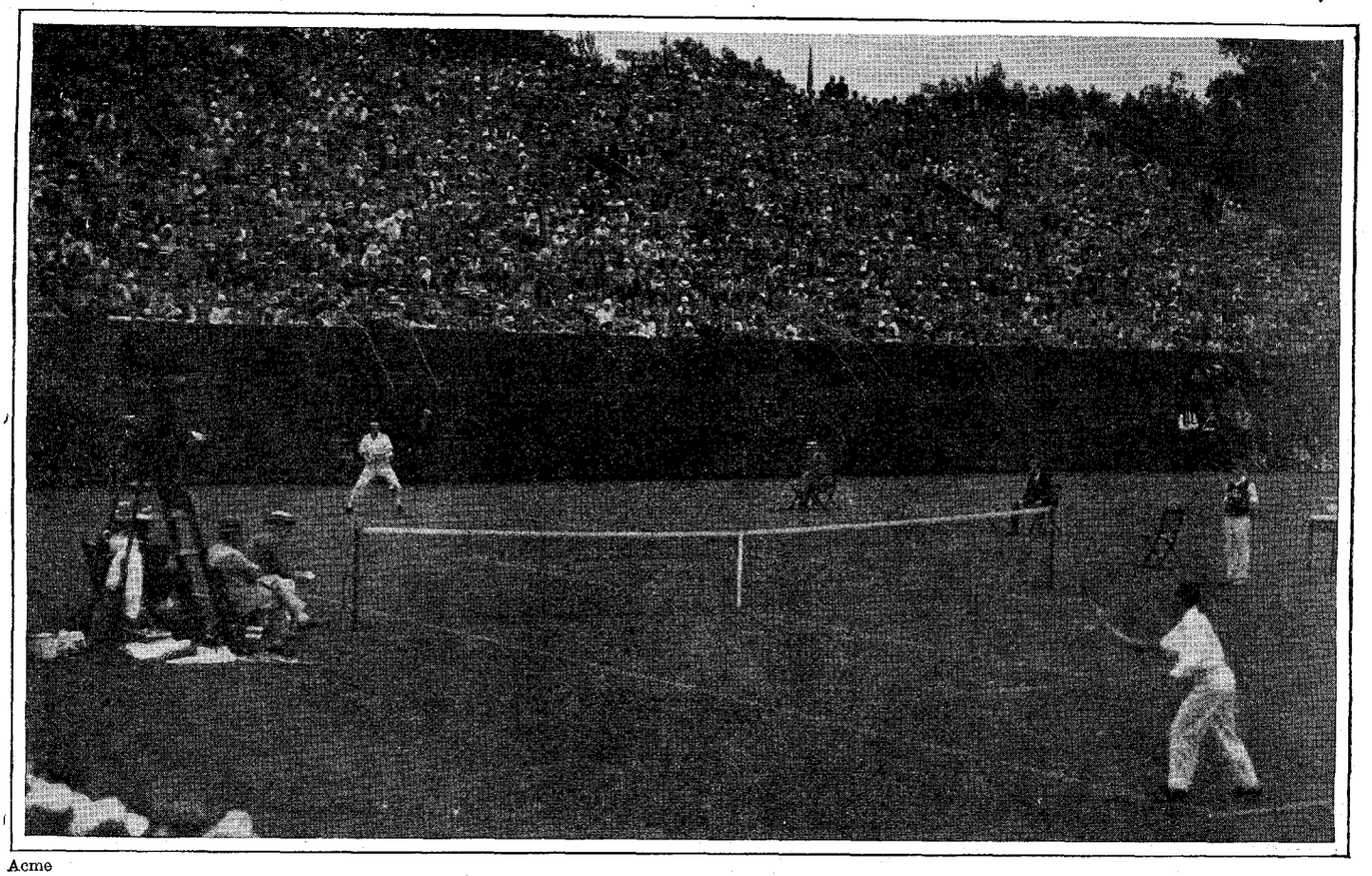

Acme

Henri Cochet (foreground) and "Bill" Johnston fighting it out on the courts of the Germantown Cricket Club

thrown out of joint. On the other hand, local conditions may justify the change. The two things will not mix.

Bear in mind that very little of the $3,200,000,000 odd is Federal Reserve money. It is the surplusage of banks who are members, and who feel entitled to make what they can from its sale. The fixing of the rate for the Federal Reserve Banks is meant only to apply to rediscounts, which alone constitute their business. But the rediscount rate fixes the figure for call money and so for the speculator. Hence we have a source of confusion and alarm that must result so long as Wall Street is the greatest borrower and the Federal Reserve System functions mainly as a place to back into when financial storms arise.

Posthumous Justice

THE tributes to the character and ability of Wayne B. Wheeler from newspapers which, so long as he was alive, opposed him vigorously and in some cases viciously, constitute an important feature in a posthumous recognition of one of the uniquely able men of our times. The fact is revealed that the men who always opposed him, sometimes reviled him, some times made light of him, really recognized his ability, respected him, admired him, and actually liked him.

From his own organization, the Anti-Saloon League, comes an equally impressive if less voluntary tribute. Within as well as without the League, Mr. Wheeler met opposition and disparagement. There was a constant whisper that he was not "big enough for his job." And, though he actually dominated the League to the extent that he was the League in the eyes of the public, his position was never quite secure. Now that he is dead, it appears that there is no man in the League big enough to wear his shoes.

Wayne B. Wheeler was both General Counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America. It is now proposed that one man be made General Counsel and another man Legislative Superintendent.

But the fact is that Wayne B. Wheeler occupied several other positions that were never named. Talk of filling his place may as well be abandoned. Men will be found, of course, to carry on the necessary work of the League but, as we said last week, Wheeler can have no successor.

William Johnston's Record

National singles champion, 1915, 1919.

Runner-up 1916, 1920, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925.

National doubles champion with C. J. Griffin, 1915, 1916, 1920.

Runner-up with C. J. Griffin, 1919.

National Mixed Doubles Championship with Miss Mary K. Browne, 1921.

National Clay Court Championship singles and (with Samuel Hardy) doubles, 1919.

Winner of the Longwood Bowl, 1913, 1916, 1919, 1920, 1921.

Pacific Coast singles champion, 1913, 1914, 1916, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1922, 1925, 1926.

Pacific Coast doubles champion with C. J. Griffin, 1914, 1915, 1925.

English champion, 1923.

On victorious Davis Cup Team, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926.

On defeated Davis Cup Team, 1927.

Communications with the Far East

ANNOUNCEMENTS made by both the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Postal Telegraph-Commercial Cables system that they are planning to extend their services in the Pacific area hold out the promise of a great improvement in communications with China and Japan. At the present

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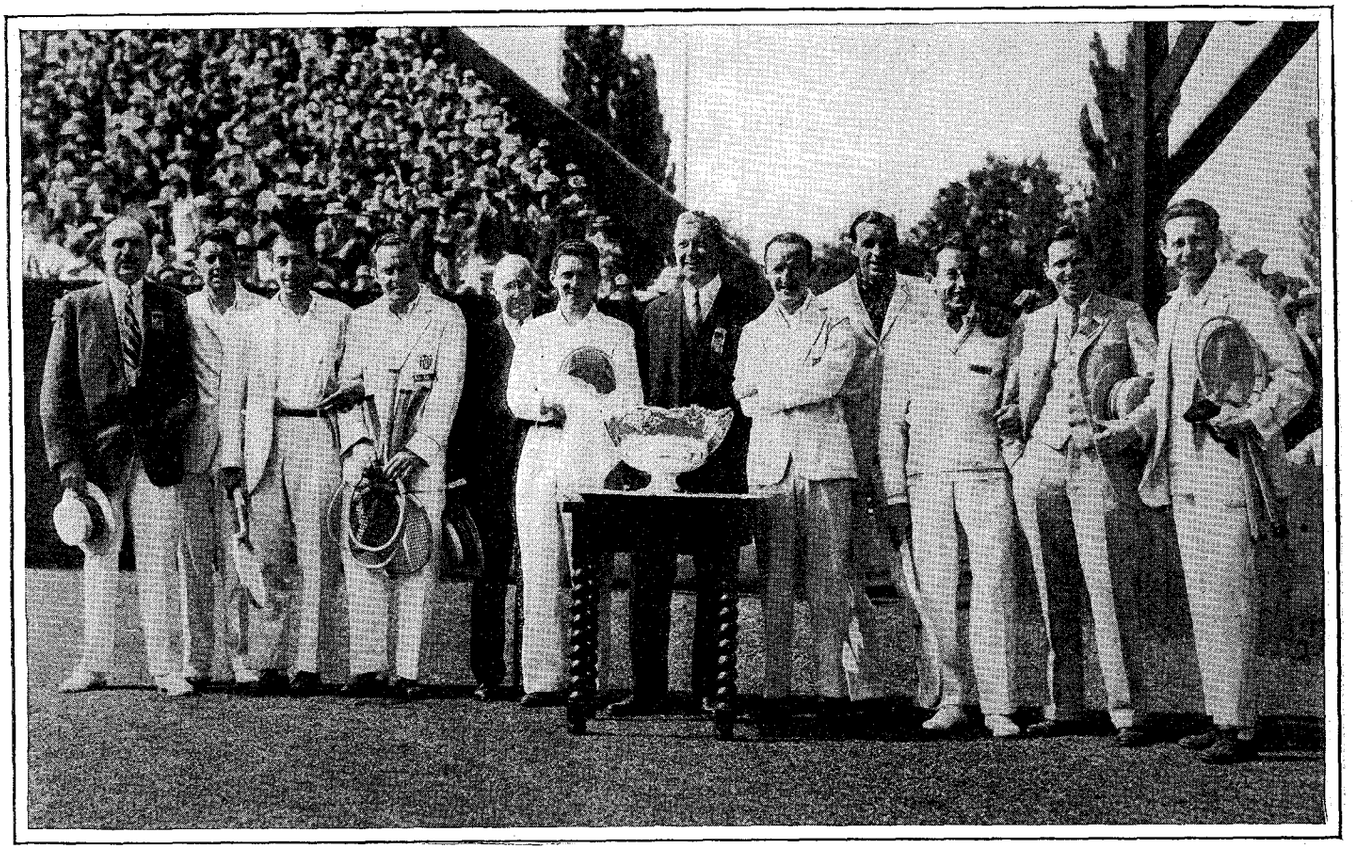

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The Players and the Prize

The members of the two teams shown are, from left to right, R. Norris Williams, Rene La Coste, Francis T. Hunter, Jacques Brugnon, William Johnson, William T. Tilden, Henri Cochet, Charles Garland, non-playing American captain, and Jean Borotra. Secretary Davis stands in the center of the group

time the prohibitive cost of cable tolls so restricts our news of the Far East that only events of dramatic importance break through this curtain of silence. We hear nothing of China except the reports of the recurrent crises in her civil war; we hear little of Japan except the story of earthquakes.

All this should be changed when competition between the new cables of the rival companies brings about a reduction in rates and allows American newspapers to give greater latitude to their Far Eastern correspondents. The plans of the Western Union call for a new fast cable which will cost from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000, according to the route adopted, while the Mackay interests contemplate the establishment of radio service between the United States and the Philippines in conjunction with a new cable between the islands and China. It is estimated that the radio service could be put in operation at a cost of $5,000,000 and be ready for use before the Western Union cable can be laid.

With facilities of this sort, those 5,000 miles of ocean which separate America from Asia will no longer be such an effective barrier to Western understanding of the East. A rapid interchange of ideas and information will become possible that should have very real practical results apart from its immediate effect upon trade relations. And it is high time that we should know more of the East. The interests of the United States are closely bound to those of China and Japan, and we cannot afford to remain in semi-ignorance of the course of Eastern development.

Good Roads Mileage

THE World Motor Transport Committee of the International Association of Automobile Manufacturers, in co-operation with the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the Canadian Department of Highways, and the Highway Committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, is engaged in collecting the results of a survey covering the development of good roads throughout the world. In a report just completed, covering the United States, Canada, and Latin America, it reveals that we have 521,260 miles of surfaced highways and 2,484,522 miles of dirt. Canada has surfaced 54,611 miles and has 323,629 still unimproved. Latin America makes the smallest showing, having but 12,670 miles of permanent paving and only 111,900 of plain dirt—often little more than mule-paths. Highway improvement promises to be a long-drawn-out enterprise, but it is increasingly pressed.

France Triumphant in Tennis

AT last the French tennis players have captured the Davis Cup. And, so despatches tell us, French daily journals in headlines echo: "At Last." It has been a well-planned and long-fought campaign on the part of the French. They deserved the victory they won. For years they have been perfecting their game and have with patience and persistence entered tournament after tournament. There was a time not many years ago when Americans and British alike regarded the French as incapable of becoming respected competitors in athletic sports. France seemed to lack the atmosphere of sportsmen. Indeed, an American amateur sportsman wrote in The Outlook in 1911 that the men of the European Continent got on one's nerves because they were not manly enough to be good sports, that they were likely to be "lily-livered." Though he mentioned the Germans and Austrians especially, he made no exception of the French. He would have to make an exception of the French now. It is a Frenchman, Cochet, that, winning at Wimbledon in England, holds the premier position among amateur tennis

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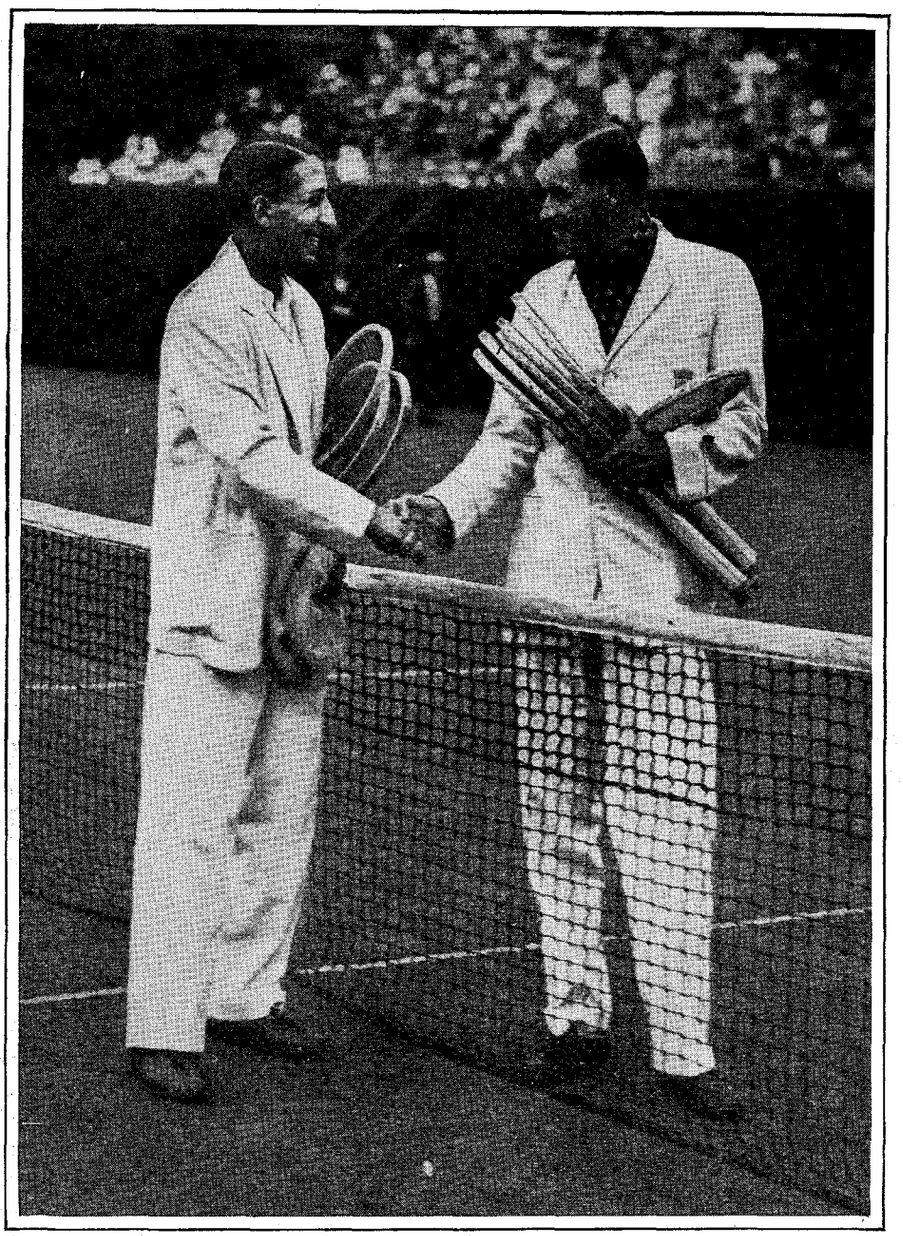

Acme

Rene La Coste and "Bill" Tilden at the end of their Davis Cup match. The smiles give no indication as to which is the victor

players in the world. It is another Frenchman, La Coste, that has for this past year held the National Championship here both of indoor tennis and of lawn tennis on the turf. And now Cochet and La Coste, representatives of France in the singles, and Borotra and Brugnon, representatives of France in the doubles, have captured the international tennis trophy, the Davis Cup.

There has been nothing meteoric in the rise of the French players. For four years they have held the English singles and in 1925 and 1926 they held the English doubles championship. Two years ago Jean Borotra was American indoor champion in the singles and with Asthalter won the indoor doubles championship. And last year, having won the finals in the European tournament, the French beat the Japanese in the inter-zone contest and were only beaten in the challenge round for the Davis Cup by the American team, Tilden, Johnston, Williams, and Richards.

On September 8 there began the ending of America's supremacy in international tennis. Although William Tilden beat Cochet in a hard-fought four-set match, La Coste overwhelmed William Johnston in three sets. The next day the American doubles team, Tilden and Hunter, won the doubles match against Borotra and Brugnon; but on Saturday Tilden fell before La Coste, and Johnston, in spite of a rally that carried the match to four sets, was conquered by Cochet.

It is generally believed that with this defeat the star of the popular, game, and sportsmanlike William Johnston has set. Indeed it looks very much as if the future of American tennis would have to be entrusted to the hands of younger men than those who formed the Davis Cup team this year.

Though the loss of the Davis Cup is bewailed by those who regret to see its passing to a nation where championship tennis is played not on turf but on clay, the transfer of tennis supremacy across the Atlantic will not be without benefit to the game. In an international contest in which over a score of nations participated, seven years is quite long enough for any one nation successively to hold the championship title. The United States was last beaten in 1919, when the finals were won by Australasia against the British. Now, moreover, younger men can compete nerved with hope that was remote as long as the veterans were supreme.

Rah for the Yew Stave and the Grey Goose Feather!

Was there in the rustle of the trees of Sherwood Forest the other day a glad, wild sound, as of a shout of human joy? Did the wraith of Robin Hood call down the glen to Friar Tuck and Littlejohn that the long bow, in 1927, is still supreme?

It is—so far, at least, as the precision of sportsmanship is concerned in the tests so far made. It is victor over the golf club, over the baseball bat, over rod and reel and line.

The contest was held on the Queens Valley Golf Club course at Forest Hills, Long Island. It was designed to determine which of the four sports "makes the greatest demands upon arm and eye of its adherents." The object was to cover the course—nine holes—in the fewest shots. Rules were applied which equalized the problems of distance and precision.

Dr. Paul W. Crouch, a championship archer, made the nine holes in thirty arrow flights. Only one shot behind him, in thirty-one, came Lou Gehrig, Yankee first baseman and star batter. Far behind him, in thirty-seven, came the fly and surf casters, Fred Berger and Jack Schwinn. Furthest of all behind, in forty, came Eddie Diggs, Jr., star golfer. All were required to make not merely the distance but the holes or their equivalent.

The result as a whole may be surprising to many. Some may have expected that the archer and even the batter could beat the golfer. But that the men with the fishing rods could do it must have surprised all except the most ardent of Waltonians. Gentle as their sport has always been, it has proved itself powerful.

But the contest, it is to be hoped, is not over. There are others worthy of

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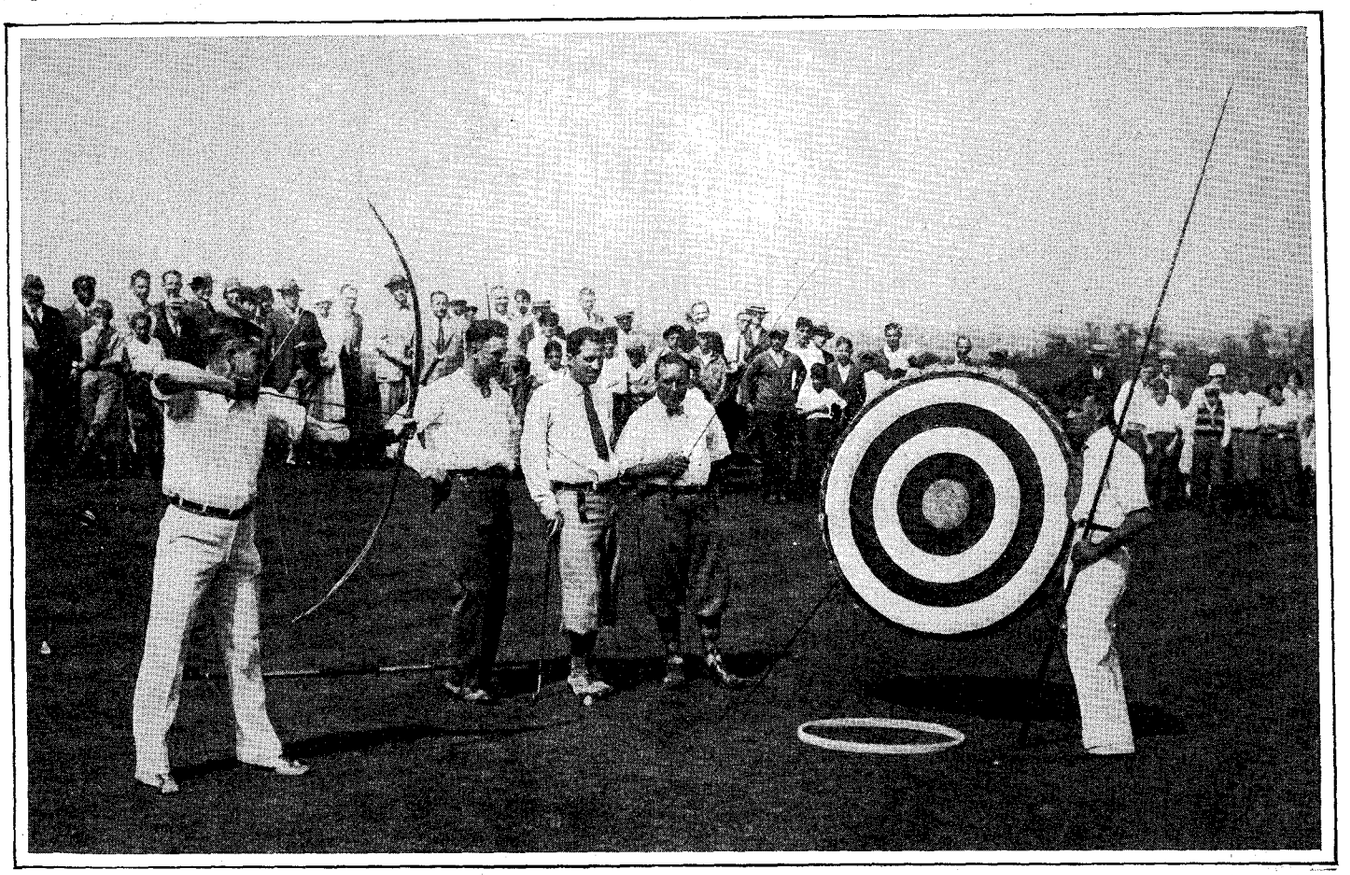

Underwood & Underwood

The Long Bow Triumphs

Dr. Paul W. Crouch demonstrates the superiority of his specialty. The other contestants are Lou Gehrig, Eddie Driggs, Fred C. Berger, and Jack Schwinn

their chance. There is an implement of precision and distance older than that of Walton, older than that of Robin Hood. In the service of genuine sportsmanship it is not amiss to mention David and his smooth stones from the brook.

Actual and conclusive supremacy will not be demonstrated until a country boy with a pocket full of rocks has been given his chance.

Darkness Penetrates Smoke—A Paradox of Noctovision

IN the laboratory of the Scottish inventor, John L. Baird, noctovision is the successor of, and presumably an improvement upon, television. The name is, in part, self-explanatory. The process is noctovision because it is vision in the dark, or at least in invisible light. The subject whose image is to be transmitted by telephone sits in apparent total darkness but is in fact bathed in infra-red rays. With that exception, noctovision appears to be practically identical with what has been called television. Light rays are converted into electric impulses at the sending end which are reconverted at the receiving end.

Mr. Baird demonstrated his invention before the British Association for the Advancement of Science in session at Leeds. He also demonstrated it from Leeds to London, by arrangement with the New York "Times." One of the things that he did in the "Times" demonstration was to smoke a cigarette to prove that, in noctovision, smoke is invisible.

This part of the demonstration might appear to be trivial but for the fact that in just this particular noctovision promises to be of almost immediate practical importance. What is true of the smoke from a cigarette is true of the smoke that hangs over a city, of the fog that hangs over an ocean. Airplanes and ships, therefore, can see their way in smoke and fog if equipped with television sets. This, at least, is the claim made for the invention; and both aviation and shipping interests already have manifested interest in it.

A Mystery Re-solved

THE mystery of the Marie Celeste (Mary Celeste was the real name; Conan Doyle in a story changed Mary to Marie) will not down. London cable despatches state that one J. G. Lockhart has in a book called "A Great Sea Mystery" offered a solution—namely that the brig was abandoned by her captain and crew under a misapprehension that her cargo of alcohol was about to explode.

If Mr. Lockhart would turn to The Outlook for September 1, 1926, he would find an article on the Marie Celeste written by Dr. Oliver W. Cobb, a cousin of Captain Briggs of the vessel. The exact theory now adduced by Mr. Lockhart is therein expounded as consistent with all the known facts. Absolute proof of what happened when the brig was abandoned is impossible to obtain. Dr. Cobb's article was called out by our comment on an English magazine interview claiming to tell the story of the Marie Celeste's cook—a story that was slanderous as regards Captain Briggs and Captain Boyce of the Dei Gratia, which found the brig and salvaged her, both men of character and proved integrity. Dr. Cobb left nothing recognizable as fact out of the alleged cook's story and another alleged solution, but made a reasonable presentation of the alcohol theory as the best offered.

The Marie Celeste's loss was a tragedy and a mystery but it was not a dime-novel plot or a hectic romance, as some "solutions" would suggest.

Juggernaut

THANKS to the beneficence of the Hartley Corporation the Yale Press has published the Third Study of Motor Deaths and Injuries in Connecticut, by Richard Shelton Kirby, of the Depart-

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ment of Civil Engineering, Yale University. Since 1910 the deaths have numbered 3,200 and the injuries 65,000 from motor mishaps. Four times as many people were killed by motors last year as died from diphtheria, and twelve times as many as perished from typhoid fever. In all, three times as many died from auto accidents as from these two dreaded diseases combined. Forty fewer children and young people were killed but one-third more past forty-five were numbered among the fatalities. Jitney bus accidents averaged a little over one per car, an increase of 60 per cent over 1925. The total number of deaths for the year was 332, a decrease of 22 over 1925. Accidents totaled 24,326, an increase of 1,758. Persons injured numbered 9,802, against 7,992 in 1925. Professor Kirby's conclusion is that the situation has become more intensified with no very great progress toward improvement, and quotes a remark of a former President of the National Council of Safety that "We are not yet horrified enough." Which about covers it.

The Germanic Museum of Nuremberg

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, in August, 1852, a generous Franconian nobleman, Baron Hans von und zu Aufsees, presented the city of Nuremberg with a museum. The residents of the charming old town have just celebrated this anniversary, and justly, for nowhere else does there exist such a comprehensive, graphic collection covering the life of Germany in the Middle Ages.

Quickly attuned to the atmosphere of long dead days by the outward aspects of the venerable city, the tourist easily adapts himself to the study of the art and culture of the past as represented here by the foremost creative artists of that era. The exhibits include treasures of architecture, sculpture, painting, graphic art, science, and applied arts, arranged chronologically so that progress through them is progress through German history.

First comes the "Gothic Hall," where among the examples of early and late Gothic work one may particularly note the artistic pottery, wood-carving, and glass painting. Then in "Renaissance Hall" are excellent examples of the more pompous work of the late Renaissance. In "Baroque Hall," with its gold, its white marble, and its stucco, its crook-legged chairs with opulent silk upholstery, we find the period which gave to Germany a great number of its beautiful palaces. A unique collection of German carpets with inwoven pictures, dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are particularly of note here. The "Faience Halls" also offer many interesting things, including an unusually beautiful colored porcelain stove from Ochsenfurth of the 16th century.

The Germanic Museum at Nuremberg

Pictures are housed by themselves in a new building, and include the works of many of the old masters. Worthy of note also are the comprehensive and valuable exhibits of goldsmith's work, and an extensive collection of bourgeois and peasant costumes. Of not the least charm are the rooms with the historic cultural oddities, for which Germany is particularly noted—toys, ancient furniture, dolls' rooms, old peasant rooms, etc., which give an interesting picture of the home and social life of these olden days.

No more artless or honest method of presenting the history of a race can be found than the graphic museum manner which is so finely executed in the Germanic Museum of Nuremberg as a result of its seventy-five years of development.

Criminal Appeals: The English Way

THE law's delay in criminal cases in this country is universally admitted to be in large part due to our complicated system of appeals—or rather, our forty-nine systems of appeals—for each State has a system and the Federal courts have another. England has, to be sure, the advantage of possessing a single, unified system—impossible for the United States because of our dual plan of government. Even so there is ample room for simplification, and it must be done if we are to avoid such scandalous instances of delays as were seen in the Sacco-Vanzetti case in which over seven years elapsed between the crime and the execution.

It is admitted by American lawyers that in England appeals in criminal cases are few as compared with the num-

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ber in the United States, and that delays in the final disposal of criminal cases are far much shorter. The reason for this was indicated in a recent address by Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, before the Canadian Bar Association. The present Court of Criminal Appeal has been in existence in England a little less than twenty years. A case is rarely before the court more than four or five weeks; many cases are withdrawn because of intimations by the court that the prisoners involved have a poor case. There is a cogent reason for this: the court has the power to increase as well as to shorten the time of a sentence. Thus counsel for a convicted man take a serious risk if they appeal on frivolous grounds.

For the same reason, as well as because of the general discouragement of delay for delay's sake, the number of criminal appeals in England is decidedly small—about seven per cent of possible appeals and in actual numbers from 420 to 712 cases a year, while the average of cases quashed has varied from 39 to 14 in a year, and of those reduced from 47 to 17. The work of this court does not, of course, infringe on the right of the Crown's prerogative through the Home Secretary, to act in remitting sentences, but this power is rarely exercised and Lord Hewart stated that the Home Secretary and the Criminal Court of Appeals in certain matters act in concert.

It is clear that this simple system has worked well because it will not tolerate dilatory motions and grant excessive postponements. The bar soon recognized the situation and now the privilege of appeal is not abused, as it certainly is in this country.

The Effect of Cecil's Resignation

If Viscount Cecil resigned from the British Cabinet merely to gain his own liberty instead of being the mouthpiece of policies in which he did not believe he got what he sought. But if he thought by resigning that he might promote the cause of disarmament and the ideals which he believed to be embodied in the League of Nations he has so far apparently missed his aim. What he might have accomplished if he had resigned when he was called upon to advocate policies he did not believe in and if he had made of his refusal to serve a protest against those policies can be only a matter of surmise; but he withheld his resignation until he had served the purposes of the British Government. Now his resignation so far from having the effect of a protest becomes merely the retirement of a man who has been unhappily employed.

In the opinion of President Coolidge, according to a despatch from Theodore C. Wallen to the New York "Herald-Tribune," Lord Cecil's resignation has had the effect of making more remote the possibility of an agreement upon the limitation of naval armament between the United States and Great Britain. It could have no effect upon opinion in the United States, for that opinion is already firmly set in the direction of further limitation. On British policy the resignation can have only the effect of strengthening the views of the British Government, for it removes from the Cabinet the one man who disagreed with the Cabinet's policy. The only resignation that could have affected British policy would have been that not of Cecil but of Chamberlain.

The effect of his resignation on the League of Nations also tends to thwart his own purposes for the League. The fact that Cecil, at least for some time, will not be representing Great Britain at Geneva is likely to make British participation in League conferences less active. That may in turn mean a gain for French influence and of French conception of the League as a Continental organization, and perhaps also closer Franco-German League relations.

France Takes a Leaf from Our Tariff Book

Shouts of alarm and hurt amazement have begun to go up in official and commercial circles over the news that France has put in effect a new protective tariff imposing much higher rates on American goods. But any real excuse for protest from the United States seems hard to find.

Revision of the French tariff was well known to be under way. In advance, it appears, it had been understood that only certain "intermediate" rates—and not the extreme high rates—would apply to products of the United States. The revised schedules of customs duties became known after the signing of the commercial accord with Germany. Then we discovered that the full high rates were to affect American goods, while German goods were to benefit at many points by "most favored nation" treatment. In consequence, American trade amounting to $80,000,000 a year will have to fight for its life—for the wares represented in it will be taxed three to four times as much as wares from Germany.

Discussions of a new Franco-American trade accord are pending; and it is intimated that France might agree to permit American goods to enter France at the new minimum rate, which would be about 40 per cent above rates previously enjoyed. But she will do that only in return for some solid concession on the American side. Germany was able to offer France definite inducements in terms of special treatment of a whole series of French exports. France wants to open up a more favorable market in America for her silks, perfumes, and other products; but there has been little evidence that Congress would agree to more lenient tariff terms than those in the present schedule of duties.

When an international group of bankers suggested some months ago that—in the interest of economic revival—the European nations ought to modify the tariff barriers between them, there was general expression of approval. The American bankers and the Administration took occasion to explain that the manifesto was not supposed to apply to the United States. Now France and Germany have acted on the suggestion, and taken a step towards what is in effect a continental customs agreement. It may be extended. France is now preparing to negotiate with Belgium. And enthusiasm in the United States is distinctly less. Yet France is only exercising her right to apply the protective principle which we consider so salutary for the United States.

Back of the whole discussion, of course, is the issue of the war debts. France has failed so far to secure terms from the United States that satisfy her and make her willing to ratify an agreement to pay. She may have made up her mind that if she cannot get the modification she thinks she deserves, American business—to the extent that it is carried on in France—must help her to pay the charges by bearing a larger share of the inevitable higher taxation which she must face.

Minor and Major Prophets at Geneva

With Poland and Belgium lobbying for pet schemes to outlaw war, with Sweden attacking the Big Powers for failure to assure peace, with Holland calling for a revival of the Protocol for mutual guarantees of security that failed in 1924, and with Latvia pointing out that Europe is almost as heavily armed as in 1914—the Big Powers found themselves under a troublesome cross-fire of oratory in Geneva at the opening of the Eighth Assembly of the League of Nations.

Interest centered at first in the Polish

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proposal of a general agreement to outlaw war and in the Swedish contention, courageously and candidly put, that the Big Powers were endangering peace by arrogating to themselves private discussion of the great questions most likely to brew trouble. To this the answer, of course, is that these are questions that most vitally concern the Big Powers and unless they can reach an agreement no other nation's opinion can have determining weight. And to Poland, German delegates unofficially replied that her scheme is a move to get the eastern frontiers between Poland and Germany safeguarded. Poland sees France coming to an understanding with Germany, and is worried. But Germany has agreed in the Locarno pact not to make war on Poland, and "that is enough."

Germany made the first dramatic move for the Big Powers, by declaring that she would accept the clause in the statutes of the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague calling for compulsory arbitration of disputes. The first of the large nations to assent to this clause, Germany has set an example which the others will have to consider.

M. Briand, now Foreign Minister of France, many times Premier, and veteran statesman at the League, followed with two impassioned addresses on peace. Stirring his hearers with the force of his unmatched eloquence, he declared that the idea—even the word—of peace has mystical force, and that through the League peace has come to stay. (No mention of Morocco, Syria, or the troubles between Italy and Jugoslavia.) By the time he had finished, there was little memory of what Dutch, Polish, or Swedish speakers had said. Just as, until she develops a general like Foch, no little nation has much chance to win a war, so none of the little nations is likely to win an oratorical contest at Geneva until one of them develops an orator like Briand.

The Fantastic World of Science

NOTHING in the tales of Araby approaches in strangeness the picture of nature drawn for us by the ordered imagination of modern scientists. Our seemingly substantial world is proving to be of the stuff that dreams are made of. What we call solid matter is, we are told, composed of nothing more solid than centers and spheres of energy.

Materialism as it once was set forth has become as old-fashioned as the ox-cart. Indeed, materialism may almost be said to have ceased to have any meaning, because it is hard to know what meaning to give to matter. The world as it is seems to have little relation to the world as it seems to be. To one not accustomed to think in terms that are the commonplace of the physicist, modern scientists speak as strange a language as ever was employed by mediæval schoolmen.

At a recent session of the British Association for the Advancement of Science Sir Oliver Lodge, who is most popularly known for his speculations about life after death, but who has an honored record as a man of science, having been professor of Physics at the University College, Liverpool, Romanes Lecturer at Oxford, and President of the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association and President of the Physical Society of London, gave his view or theory of the composition of the universe. He pictured all the space as filled with a substantial fluid, transmitting waves and constituting the seat of electric and magnetic fields. Electrons he supposed to be interruptions in the flow of this fluid, setting up strains. Thus matter is simply composed of the strains in this universal fluid ether. In a special article in the New York "Times" Dr. Michael I. Pupin, Professor of Electro-Mechanics in Columbia University, has taken issue with Sir Oliver Lodge. He declares in it that all experiments to verify the existence of such a dense, all-permeating ether, in violent motion, have failed. In its place Professor Pupin presents the theory of the existence of an ultra material substance which may be called the electrical flux with points of convergence which are electrons.

To the ordinary man or woman who has simply heard about electrons, takes on faith the statement that excited electrons are what transmit and amplify the sound that is heard in a radio set, but has not the trained imagination to see electrons in constituent parts of an office building or a baby, these discussions seem to take for granted an invisible and intangible world of which the world that we see is but the outward appearance.

In these days faith and science are converging. Indeed they seem to be but two aspects of the same working of men's minds. Of course science is at war with dogma; but so has always been real faith. There have been men of faith who have been dogmatic; but there have also been dogmatic men of science. They have been men of faith and men of science not because of their dogmatism, but in spite of it.

And as science approaches what seems to be the domain of faith and as faith approaches what seems to be the domain of science, it is becoming clear that the old problems of theology and the new problems of science are much alike. Are we in this new world of science after all only what the old theologians condemned us to be, mere creatures of an arbitrary will destined to a fate over which we have no control, saved or damned as a power not ourselves may determine? What the old theologians called Predestination the modern scientist calls the Mechanistic Theory of the Universe. Theologians have rebelled against the idea that man is but clay in the hands of an Almighty Potter. And now scientists are rebelling against the idea that man is nothing but a mechanism. Professor Henry Norris Russell, Director of the Observatory at Princeton University, has written a book just issued by the Yale University Press on "Fate and Freedom." He approaches these questions not as a theologian but as a scientist. He believes in the mechanistic theory of the universe; but in spite of it he believes in man's freedom. And his faith in man's freedom is the faith that he employs as a scientist.

But that is another story, and we shall keep it for another time.

The Funicular and the Forester

THE chiefs of the United States Forest Service, from Pinchot to Greeley—only Graves intervened—were discussed around a luncheon table one day. A man who had worked under all three of them contrasted Greeley with Graves. "Greeley," he said, "has more sheer ability in originating things, but he does not take advantage of what other men know."

"As I understand you," said another member of the group, "Greeley has more initiative but less referendum."

There are times when one must give thanks for that lack of "referendum." Such a time is the present, when Colonel Greeley, over the protest of some of those who would have had him refer to them, has vetoed a proposal to build a funicular road to the summit of Mount Hood.

"The forest chief's mandate," writes one of the protestants, "imperial over a domain of 160,000,000 acres, was handed down in a letter to the Pacific Northwest District Forester following

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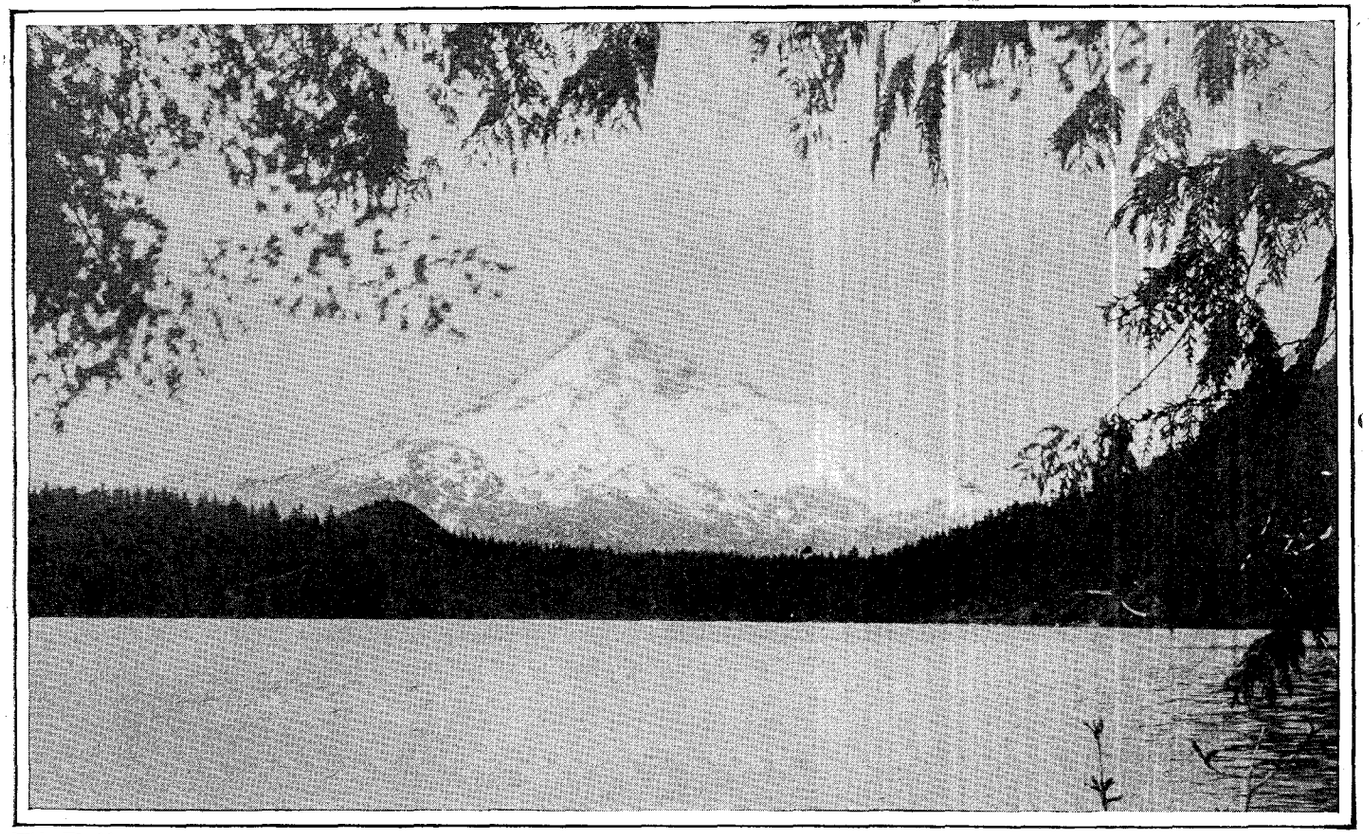

Wide World

Mount Hood, Oregon

application by a group of investors for permission to build a combined incline and cableway to the summit of Oregon's most revered snow-peak, hoary and venerable Mount Hood. Colonel Greeley, despite the influence of a favorable referendum, declined to grant the company's request and the chief of Forest Service thereby set a precedent National in scope—in reality, the Monroe Doctrine of our public timberlands. . . .

"The overlord of a domain vaster than many monarchs rule," continues the protest, "has spoken."

Yes, he has spoken; and the people of the United States should give thanks for Colonel Greeley's lack, in this case, of "referendum." Some citizens wanted the thing done—it would "attract tourists." Some officials in the Service wanted it done, apparently—it was the kind of thing which they regarded as "progress."

But the Forester has spoken, and in words of wisdom. "I believe it necessary," he wrote, "to move slowly and cautiously in entering scenic and beautiful areas of National Forests with mechanical forms of transportation when economic resources or the requirements of inter-community traffic do not compel it. I believe that . . . the Forest Service should deliberately preserve some parts of our most attractive mountains from development. At the most we will have none too many of them a few decades from now. Under such reservations we will do well to include, when we can, natural features which have a hold upon public sentiment as objects of veneration."

Let us hope that this pronouncement is, as those who would have been referred to fear, "the Monroe Doctrine of our public timberlands."

Progress—Not Safety—First

TWO striking sentences from editorials in English papers are to the point in the discussion as to restricting or regulating air "stunts" and transoceanic flights. One expresses doubt as to the possibility or desirability of "legislating against human courage;" the other says: "Legislation cannot curb man's courage, but the weight of general opinion may cool a foolhardy man's ardor."

To these may be added comments on the present situation in a statement made by Lindbergh through the Associated Press:

> The result of total restriction might be compared to the effect on aviation in general had legislation been enacted against all flying during the first few years following the flight of the Wright brothers when, hour for hour, any flight was more dangerous than transoceanic flying is at present.
>
> The pioneering and developing of almost every advance in the air is marked by the loss of its explorers or its scientists. Yet they would be the last to request that the advancement of the cause for which they gave their lives be retarded.
>
> Hazardous flights should not be prohibited, but they should be attempted only after careful study by experienced personnel with the best of modern equipment and for a definite purpose.

It is evident that public opinion is already at work to discourage mere recklessness. The loss of Old Glory—as we write it is reported that the wreck of the plane has been found at sea with no trace of the three members of her crew, Bertaud, Hill, and Payne; the disappearance of Redfern on his South American flight; the loss of the St. Raphael and deaths of Minchin, Hamilton, and the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim; the loss of the Canadian plane Sir John Carling with Tully and Medcalf, and the fact that, in all, this summer twenty flyers, including two women, have lost their lives in transoceanic flights or in connection with such flights—all these tragic events have brought out strong expressions of disapproval. The remedies proposed range from legislation by Congress to establish governmental power to restrain and forbid down to specific criticisms such as restricting ocean flights to seaplanes, requiring planes on over-ocean flights to have more than one motor, and insisting on

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radio equipment and small boats for inflation.

As a result of the agitation several flights have been cancelled or postponed.

The prizes that led to most of these adventures may not be the best way to promote sound aviation, or even to advance it at all. Unquestionably some of the aviators, swept away by the excitement of the Lindbergh and Chamberlin and Byrd achievements and anxious for the victor's reward, started overconfidently with too little training and too little testing of their machines. The list of names of the dead is one to fill American hearts with regret—but it is also one to make them proud. We all can extend the deepest sympathy to families bereft. But neither they nor we can afford to let these unavoidable tragedies lead to discouragement of aviation. President Coolidge and Secretary Hoover have indicated that they recognize this fact.

It is reasonable to require official inspection of planes, care in granting pilots' licenses, and measures to prevent obviously wild and foolish "stunts," but it is not in the interest of progress to debar competent airmen from undertaking everything that an official might consider dangerous.

Through failure no less than through success, something is learned. Experimenting must go on. To retard it would be to run the risk, by cowardly evasion of the issue, of even greater waste of life. For the development of aviation must and will go on. The quickest way to make aviation as safe as possible is to encourage experiment and trial. That is the only way to give inventive genius its chance to improve and perfect airplanes.

To this the reply from some quarters will be that preservation of life is more important than adventurous testing of new powers. But the reverse is the truth. Courageous adventure for purposes worth while is more important than safety of life.

Danger is at the bottom of all heroism. The spirit of adventure and high accomplishment must not be checked. It has been and is one of the finest traits of human accomplishment and to it we owe much of the advance of knowledge and civilization.

Life must be safeguarded, but that high emprise which sends men and women upon dangerous quests must not be hindered. The taking of "long chances" must be discouraged, but not sternly discouraged, because it has been by the taking of "long chances" that man has forced nature to his will. "Flying fools" must be saved from the consequences of their own folly, but we must not lose the fire of that sublime folly which drives men to undertake the impossible—and to perform it.

A Forgotten Humorist

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

Let others praise brave men of arms,
Great monarchs and old bishops sainted;
I'll celebrate the simpler charms
Of men who knew not war's alarms,
Who merely talked, wrote, sang or painted.

—*Biographia Poetica.*

I SPEAK of him as a humorist because the encyclopedia—or, rather, the encyclopedia which I frequently consult—so calls him. He was really by vocation an English divine, by avocation a witty writer and table-talker. Now good table-talk, skillfully reported, forms one of the most entertaining departments of literature. In testimony whereof it is sufficient merely to mention Boswell's Life of Johnson. But it is a rare art, now fallen somewhat into desuetude, partly because in these speedy days we have little time for talk, and partly because the genus Boswell, as a literary plant, appears to be nearly extinct. Some have gone so far as to assert that it has bloomed only once in the whole history of literature.

There is that famous passage of Macaulay's, for example:

> Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes not more decidedly the first of orators than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere.

That Macaulay, an Englishman, should have compared Boswell to Eclipse is not surprising. Eclipse was the name of the most famous horse that ever ran on English turf. Foaled in 1764 on the day of an eclipse of the sun, he was never beaten, and in his first race his owner won enormous odds by prophesying that the result of the race would be "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere."

Great as Boswell's place is, however, Macaulay's estimate that the rest are nowhere is a little rhetorical. Without Xenophon or Plato we should have no Socrates, nor without Matthew, Mark, and Luke should we have the most remarkable conversation—some of it table-talk—that ever fell from the lips of man.

But my preface bids fair to outrun my subject. So let me abruptly say that the forgotten humorist of whom I started out to speak is the Reverend Sidney Smith. He was born thirteen years before the death of Dr. Johnson and next to the great lexicographer was probably the best table-talker that the English-speaking race has so far produced, the only possible exception being the twenty-sixth President of the United States. In common with Dr. Johnson the witty Canon of St. Paul's possessed not only a genius for good talk, but certain other characteristics, such as a strong but clumsy body, moral courage based on commonsense, a love of good food, a hatred of the iniquities of taxation, and a satirical attitude towards American culture. A little more than a hundred years ago Sidney Smith was widely and bitterly known in the United States because of the following passage from an article he wrote for the "Edinburgh Review."

> In the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow creatures may buy and sell and torture?

This passage is worth reprinting, not as an example of humor—though it is witty—but because its substantial truth affords a standard by which we may modestly measure the improvement we have made since it was written in 1820.

Another passage in the same "Edinburgh Review" article deserves recalling, not because it is, like the preceding quo-

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tation, amusingly archaic, but for the reverse reason—it prophesies evils which Americans are only too conscious of suffering to-day:

> David Porter and Stephen Decatur are very brave men; but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult an injury.
>
> We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: *Taxes* upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste—taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth and the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.—The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road:—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine. which has paid 7 per cent, into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers, to be taxed no more.

Rather good this, for a clergyman of the Church of England who was about to enter upon what Mr. H. L. Mencken would call the dull stupidities of the Victorian era. Dean Inge himself could hardly do better. While I am in the very act of transcribing this lively warning of Sidney Smith's, my morning paper tells me that our own Government has a surplus of several hundred millions acquired by taxation and is in a quandary about what to do with it. One way out of the difficulty might be to use it in hiring more tax collectors. That is exactly what the Canon of St. Paul's prophesied would be the result in republican America if its citizens permitted their Government to imitate the taxing propensities of monarchical Britain.

I have given so much space to Sidney Smith's powers of satire that little room is left to touch upon that genial humor which made him so welcome a social companion. It was he who shocked an elderly and conventional lady parishioner by answering her complaint of the heart with the original but now familiar remark that he proposed to "take off his flesh and sit in his bones"; who defended Macaulay's sometimes interminable talk by saying that its brilliance was heightened by "occasional flashes of silence"; who, when a small girl in his presence stroked the shell of a turtle in order, as she said, to please it, retorted, "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." One of his intimate friends was Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, of whom Macaulay said: "In his most familiar talk there was no wildness, no inconsistency, no amusing nonsense, no exaggeration for the sake of momentary effect. His mind was a vast magazine, admirably arranged. Everything was there; and everything was in its place. His judgments on men, on sects, on books, had been often and carefully tested and weighed, and then had been committed, each to its proper receptacle, in the most capacious and accurately constructed memory that any human being ever possessed." Sidney Smith greatly admired this remarkable intellect but could not resist poking a little fun at it, as he did in a letter to a friend they had in common:

> It struck me last night, as I was lying in bed, that Mackintosh, if he were to write on pepper, would thus describe it:
>
> "Pepper may philosphically be described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit; an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure, rather than affords nutrition; and, by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the North, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man."

These are obvious trifles, of course, but they may serve to call attention to an American book, long since out of print, a copy of which lies before me as I write. It is a memoir of Sidney Smith, with selections from his writings, by Evert A. Duykinck and published in New York in 1856 by J. S. Redfield. Who the publisher was I do not know. He has left no business heirs. The author was a well-known man-of-letters, a collector and amateur, in his day. His house in Clinton Place is said by a contemporary— William Allen Butler, the author of "Nothing to Wear"—to have been crammed with books from basement to attic, a collection "especially rich in English drama," and was a rendezvous for book lovers. The value of this collection may be verified by the curious to-day, for it was left by its owner to the Lenox Library and now presumably forms a part of the noble New York Public Library.

That Duykinck's memoir of Sidney Smith was highly esteemed by competent judges is indicated if not proved by the fly leaf of the copy I own which was once owned by Edward Everett and presented by him to Lady Holland, Sidney Smith's daughter. This fly leaf bears, in faded ink this autographic inscription

> Lady Holland
> with the kind regards of
> Edward Everett
> Boston 7 April 1857

Edward Everett was one of the most polished orators and cultivated scholars that this country has produced. He was successively a Unitarian preacher, professor of Greek at Harvard, editor of the "North American Review," Member of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, President of Harvard, Secretary of State, United States Senator, and candidate against Lincoln on the "Bell and Everett" ticket of the Whigs in the epochal election of 1860. An ardent Union man, however, he supported Lincoln in 1864 and headed the Massachusetts Republican electoral ticket of that year.

It is perhaps not surprising that the only encyclopedic reference to Duykinck that I have been able to find is in the "Century Dictionary of Names," for he was not even a member of the most famous New York literary club of his day—which calls to mind the epitaph proposed by a French wit for an ambitious but unpopular fellow poet:

> Ci Piron; il ne fut rien,
> Pas même Académicien.

But that the names of Sidney Smith and Edward Everett are little more than encyclopedic titles to the present generation is a melancholy instance of the ephemeral character of literary reputations.

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Swiss Echoes of Sacco and Vanzetti

ONLY by such a vivid account as this can people in this country get any idea of the feeling aroused in some quarters of Europe towards America. Explain how we will, that feeling exists. It is pictured in its outward expression by this vivid sketch by Mrs. Elbert Francis Baldwin, wife of The Outlook's European correspondent. Though not intended for publication, it is here printed by her permission. Mrs Baldwin's account of the rescue of the Antinoe at sea by the President Roosevelt will be remembered by many Outlook readers.

THERE has been much tension here these days over Sacco and Vanzetti. In fact, for weeks placards of a fiery nature have been posted on the walls.

We went to the Students Union last evening to hear Dame Rachel Crowdy, and were unable to cross Place Neuve. On the steps of the Conservatory of Music, where our girls assemble daily for the Zimmern Lectures, stood a gesticulating, haranguing man, with the Place packed with an audience. Its attitude was ugly in regard to our passing so we turned and went another way. Just to avoid confusion, we returned by taxi. The Place was then free, but we ran into crowds on reaching the Pont du Mont Blanc and a block from our apartment a murmuring, hustling throng held our passage back.

Before we reached our place other crowds were pouring up side streets and began running so that they were only a block behind when we reached home. Shouts and murmurings and tramping feet lent agility to our own steps. Our plucky little concierge was at the entrance, but we did not wait to open up with the big night key; she hustled us into her own quarters that you recall give on the pavement outside. She had turned out all the lights. We skittered our way through directly to the lift and by the time we had reached our floor the crowd had arrived below and were trying our heavy entrance door and attacking the autos of the "rich" that were parked along the street.

An individual dining in the building saw his car endangered and rushed out. A woman hurled some invective and the misguided gentleman thrust at her with his foot and slapped her face, snarling *"canaille."* Enough for the crowd, which crouched and closed in on the unfortunate, landing a stone on his temple.

IN the meantime the Bellevue Hotel became the center of excitement as the probable refuge for a man who had killed a bystander in the general uproar. The crowd surged about, breaking windows at random with stones and shouting portentously. At this crisis came an illustration of latent Swiss respect for the "Arm of the Law." Four nice little gendarmes, all trimmed up with white braid that stood out in the dark (looking all the world like boy dolls!), gave a flourish of authority and three-quarters of the packed bunch of people twittered away like startled sheep. It was as amusing as it was significant. The other quarter were of sturdier mood but were backed up along the Quai. However, a host had tramped up to the League above us in the next block. Do you recall the great police dog, sole resident-police, in that place of "moral suasion"? That large brother-of-the-wolf was released in the space between the bronze fence and the entrance, and charged up and down, speaking his mind and offering the "teeth" that the League is assumed to lack, according to certain mistaken American interpretations. The canine proved as effective as the gendarmes but he was more fortunate than some of his confrères in the town who were badly hurt. The crowd contented itself by smashing the shutterless windows in the famous Glass Room of the League and the Library, for the emotion now embraced Internationalism as well as the United States of America, including demonstrations at the International Club and Pharmacy. However the first attentions had been given to our own land; the American Express headquarters were badly damaged, and the Walk-Over Shoe (that in Geneva is chaperoned by a perfectly good Swiss), was looted and the fine hand-sewn *"chaussures Americaines,"* flung by the box into the near-by lake. Thrifty citizens, however, fished out many of the floating shoes; incidentally, the first evidence I have had that any of the multitudinous Izaak Waltons hereabout ever caught anything!

I felt concern for our group, for I realized the natural interest any one feels in a demonstration alien to one's previous experiences. So I called up our nice vice-consul for directions. As a consequence, Young America (and Old for that matter), is urged to keep off the streets entirely to-day and to-night and the evening papers demanded that all youth under eighteen remain indoors. A mass-meeting and procession are planned, and reports are that the Consulate is to be raided. In any case the local militia is ordered into soldier clothes for an *"alerte,"* and troops are coming from Berne. Further, the noonday papers are suppressed; thus incidental oil is withheld from an inflammatory state of mind. It is better taste, in any case, to keep our easily recognized personalities in their own houses for the moment, though no one need exaggerate conditions and dangers.

ONE thing seems clear: However just the sentence of these two men, there is a deep feeling of protest in regard to the antiquated legal system of Massachusetts under which these men have been tried. Doubtless the evidence must have been convincing to the high-minded men whose painful conclusions make them targets for the anarchist.

Later: Drenching rains all day have had a helpful share in cooling inflamed ardor. In fact, H_2O has been widely effective; the Fire Department took up its position in front of the American Consulate and met untoward interest of aliens with instant streams, deftly aimed.

One begins to sort out the various opinions. All are moved by the seeming uncertainty that persists in this cruelly drawn-out case. The universal conscience is troubled with the feeling that a possible moral fault has been committed, that this case has been handled in a way to play effectively into the hands of communists and anarchists—this very group that aids and abets far greater crimes of their brothers in Moscow. They would screen through their attitude the Sôviet leaders who send victims to die of cold and privation; who kill in cold blood priests, women and children, who with hate in their hearts, would spread the power of Communism over an immense Empire and the world. Needless to say, the Swiss authorities are stirred over this hysterical outburst in a town noted for its sanity and order. Switzerland stands so solidly for law, readiness, and preparedness that its citizens are shocked and humiliated over this hysterical episode staged in the quiet and beautiful streets of this tranquil city.—MARY WASHBURN BALDWIN.

Geneva, Switzerland.

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Let Football Alone

Yale's Famous Football Coach Gives His Views on the Game as He Enters His Last Year at Yale

By TAD JONES

(In Interview with Dixon Merritt)

THIS year will be my last year in football.

In looking directly at this season's situation, in looking back over twenty-five years of active connection with football as player and coach, in looking forward to what I hope the game of football will be in the future, I discover some convictions which I think I ought to express.

Football is the finest influence for good in the life of a university.

Let me change that. Football can be made the finest influence for good in the life of a university. The difference between what football is in the life of a particular university and what it might be in the life of that same university is not exactly the difference between the number of games won and the number of games that might be won, but the two things are related.

Photos Wide World

Tad Jones, football coach at Yale for the eighth consecutive year

FOOTBALL has changed very greatly in my time. In my playing days, it was a terribly grinding affair. Still, to the best of my recollection, I liked it. But, also to the best of my recollection, I was an exception to the rule.

I remember how Lucius Bigelow used to try to tell me how he loathed going on the field. He never could quite find words to express it. What Lucius tried to express most of the others felt, I think. But, while they loathed the monotony of practice, they must have realized that they derived something from the game which they could not get in any other way.

That was before the forward pass came into existence. There was much less football played then than now and, therefore, less competition.

Then you could cover the entire country with half a dozen fine broken-field runners. Now there are almost as many fine broken-field runners as that on every first-class team.

Nobody ever saw a finer bunch of boys than the ones I have handled during my years at Yale. They have been simply great. And my principal compensation, no matter what else I may have received, has been my association with them.

The great trouble with football at Yale, and probably at other institutions, lies in the lack of time which can be given to it. There should be some real fun in football, and we have had a little of it here at Yale, but a team cannot be clocked at full speed at every afternoon's practice and expect to derive much pleasure from their play. On the other hand, if they are not driven at full speed for the entire hour of practice which is at their disposal, then it is impossible to attain precision in the execution of plays, either offensively or defensively.

Great football teams go through their plays in much the same way that Bobby Jones executes a golf swing. It is a habit. In the pinch, they do not press. They do not revert to incorrect position and stance, or to any other bad habits. It all takes time and patience and very careful training. But the team ought to be trained under such conditions that the boys will still have time for pleasure in their work.

Now that matter of fun as against drudgery may have something to do with the ratio of games won to games lost. I mention it for what it is worth.

THERE is no possibility of questioning the fact that there is a football spirit in every university—something that does not apply to track or crew or anything else. Students are interested in those other things, but it is in football that the university spirit is most felt.

A hundred and twenty-five men, perhaps, come on the field. You actually try to make football players out of

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seventy-five of them. The other fifty are so hopeless from the beginning that you know you can never make anything out of them. But you do not cut them off. You keep them on and let them get whatever they can get from football.

Now let us think about some of the things that can be done with those one hundred and twenty-five men toward making university life what university life ought to be.

I do not need to tell you—having fiddled with an end position, you know—that no coach, even if he wanted to do it, ever needed to coach an end to hold the opposing tackle. It is just the natural thing to do—as natural as to clutch at something when you are falling. It is against the letter and the spirit of the rules, but it can be done without detection many times. You may be penalized half the times, but the other half more than makes up.

If it is done, other things being nearly equal, you win.

I had rather lose every Saturday than to encourage one boy to do it—or even to permit him to follow his natural inclination to do it.

This matter of holding is not one of the most important things. I mention it because it furnishes an illustration which the average person is more likely to understand than he would be to understand some of the finer points.

TAKE the matter of shifting. The men are supposed to come to a full stop. If they do not, they are off ahead of the ball. And it is so easy to develop a scheme by which your team can beat the ball while the people in the stands know nothing about it. In order to develop such a scheme, it is not necessary that the coach actively or even consciously encourage or permit it. Here is the kind of thing that will encourage itself.

I am running over in my mind three games of last season which Yale played against opponents who shifted. Perhaps all of these teams were coached to stop. One did stop, one beat the ball during the entire first half but stopped during the entire second half, the third sometimes stopped after shifting but it was the exception to the rule.

In one of those games our opponents were off ahead of the ball three times in succession. One of these plays was penalized. The other two netted a touchdown. If we were out to win games regardless at Yale, we should be perfectly willing to take a hundred yards in penalties in exchange for one touchdown.

Understand, now, that boys may do this thing without realizing it; may once in a while do it in spite of themselves when they do realize it, just as a sprinter oftentimes is unable to hold his marks until the gun has been fired.

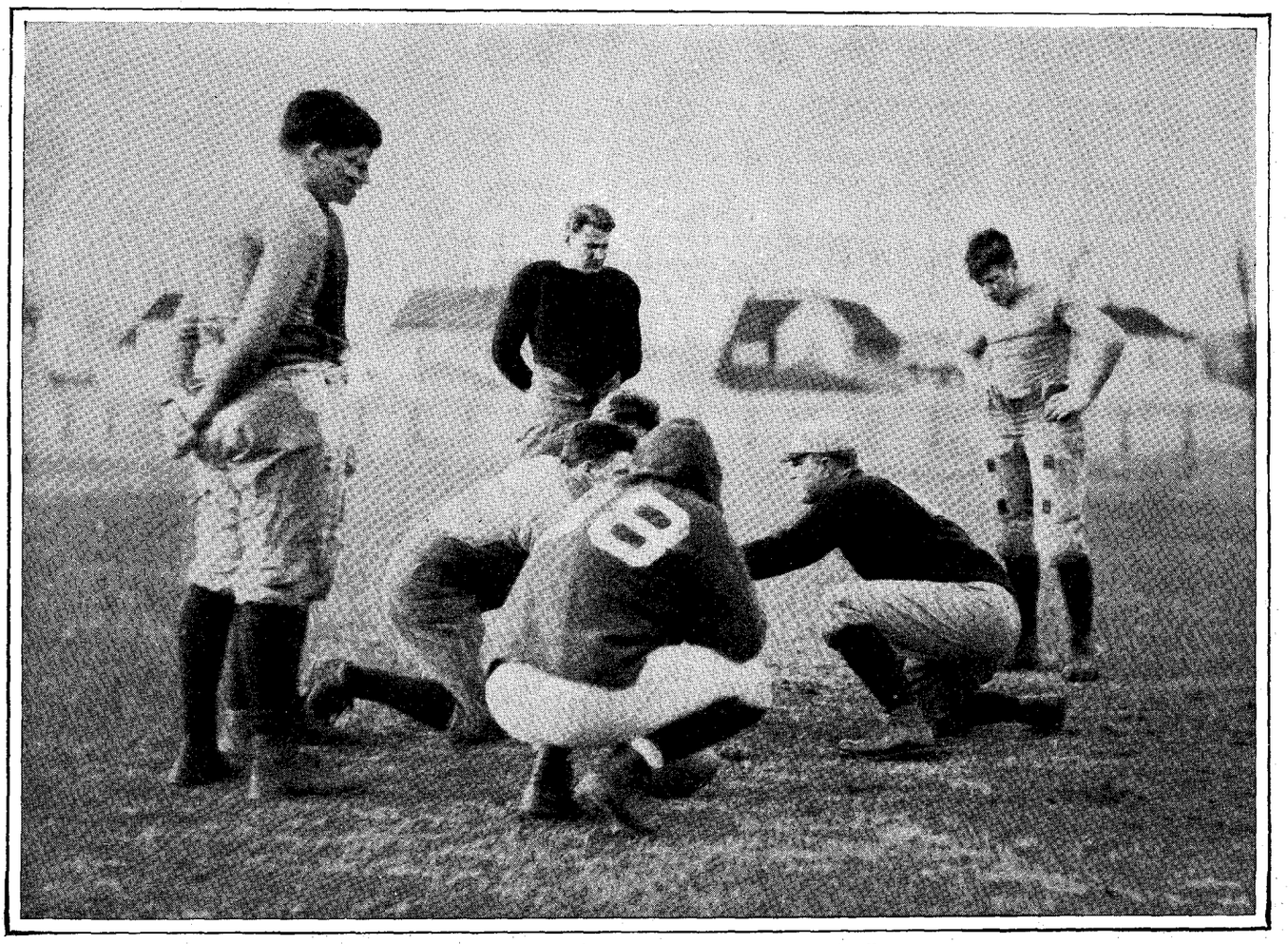
Beating the rules may produce victory but, even if it does, it most certainly is not worthwhile.

Any coach who encourages or permits violation of the letter or the spirit of the rules is gambling with the character of his boys.

YOU can see the other side of the picture. If a hundred and twenty-five boys are taught that these easy and almost undiscoverable violations are not honest, if they are taught fair play, if they are taught ordinary decency—you can see what they will do in the life of a university.

The point I am making is this: Unless the coach has a pretty clear perspective, he will find after a while that he has been permitting his boys to do things that should not be done. And, if he permits them to do those things on the field, he is in no position to complain if they do other things not to the credit of the university.

I do not believe that many men in football encourage this kind of thing;



Tad Jones (in baseball cap) explains a close point to the linemen

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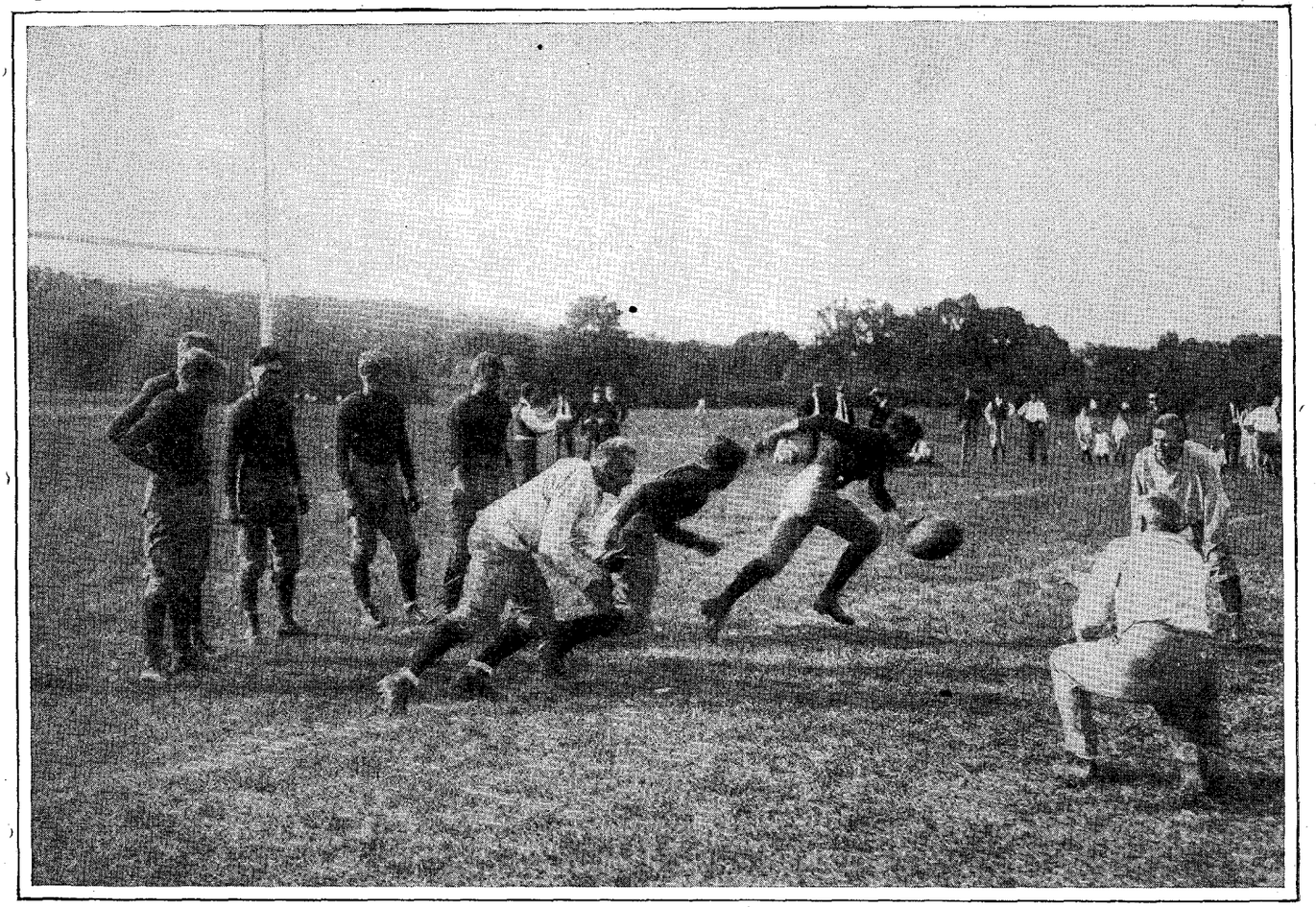

Tad Jones, (right, facing camera) instilling good habits in his boys

but I am convinced that there are still a very few not above turning a trick when they can do it handily. But, generally speaking, I am thoroughly sold on the men who are handling football. They have improved the game tremendously, and they have done it in spite of the demand for victory.

YES, there is more to be done, but the work can be carried to completion by the selection of the right kind of men to coach the teams. And that is up to the university authorities.

That demand for victory—that which you have heard spoken of as the pressure of the old grads—has made and is making life miserable for many a coach. The old grad, without knowing whether he ought to win or not, still wants to win—partly because of university spirit and partly because he has his five dollars up on the game.

That pressure is none the less real because it is indirect. Let me show you how it works, sometimes.

You saw me buy that newspaper down at the cigar stand. I bought it to see if just one thing was in it, and here it is.

This sports writer, you see, is telling how we ruined a player here at Yale last year by our method of training. He must know that the facts are the other way. He never played football and, so far as I know, never engaged in athletics of any kind. But he is a "bug" on athletics, knows the name of every player who ever put on a suit, and has a style of writing that attracts people. Under the proper influence, he could do much to elevate the game, but he appears to be under the influence of that pressure for victory which comes from outside the ranks of those men who have the best interests of their university at heart. He is being misled by a small group that has endeavored for a long time to secure a grip on Yale football.

That is an illustration of the way in which the pressure of the old grad for victory is brought to bear.

This same writer, some time ago, praised another team, another coach, for sharp football practices which, if they had really been engaged in, would have constituted a violation of the spirit of the rules. I do not know whether the writer knew what he was doing or not but, if I had been that coach, I should have demanded a correction.

Football could be so much better than it is if so many of the sports writers were not looking for space and atmosphere. They treat young football men just as some sports writers used to treat professional baseball players fifteen years ago.

Sometimes I thank God in my prayers for the real sports writers like—but you know who they are.

Still, against all these obstacles, football is tremendously a better game than it was when I played it. The men identified with it are a higher type. The standards are higher. Football is on the way to being all that it can be.

Sometimes I think that football is growing so big that it has not much time to grow better. But when you ask me what is to be done about it, I have to answer that I do not know.

MY personal opinion is that what football most needs is to be let alone.

Football does not need reforming. There is no reason for worrying because a great many more people go to see a football game than would go to see a revival of a Greek play. There may be things in football which are not exactly what they should be, but conditions are improving every year. The boys playing the game are fine, clean lads with high ideals and a clear conception of sportsmanship. No coach identified with the game, no matter how successful in the matter of victories, can hope for a long life if he is guilty of doing anything to undermine these high ideals.

Football needs earnest thought by the men who are in the game. If we talked less in the press and more among ourselves, we should get along better.

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Mexico Turns the Corner

By FRANK B. LENZ

IN an extended interview with the Vice-Minister of Education of Mexico, Dr. Moises Saenz, which I have just had, I gathered some facts of vital importance to the American people.

Taking advantage of an opportunity to intercept him on his return from Toronto, where he addressed the recent World Federation of Education Associations Convention, I plied him with questions about the situation in Mexico.

Dr. Saenz is an outstanding educator, with a Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, who for five years has been connected with educational reforms in his own country. He is a straightforward, hard-working Mexican. He is neither a politician nor a figurehead. Nor is he a Communist. As President of the Mexico City Young Men's Christian Association he is doing all he can to give the young men and boys of that city a spiritual conception of life. To his Government task he brings, not only a high degree of technical skill, but also a devotion which amounts to the zeal of a missionary or prophet.

From the interview I got the following clear and unmistakable impression:

VIOLENCE and revolt against church control is no new thing; but it often, as in Russia and the French Revolution, has been used in the attempt to break down not only the Church but the influence of religion itself. In Mexico those who have resorted to violent methods have, according to the Mexican Vice-Minister of Education interviewed in this article, been religious men. They want not to destroy religion, but to free it. To many Americans Mexico means lawlessness, disorder, and perhaps religious persecution. This article presents that chaos and confusion as but the outward and necessary results of a social revolution which will extend even to the children and provide such a simple symbol of health and progress as a toothbrush for every child.

MEXICO has a stable Government. President Calles is making a sincere and earnest effort to further the welfare of the Mexican people as a whole. The mass of Mexican people are being definitely benefited by the revolution that is taking place.

"We speak of the revolution with a capital 'R,'" explained Dr. Saenz. "Foreigners often speak of the many revolutions in my country, but I tell them that we have had but one Revolution—not more than one. It started in 1910, and is still going on. It is more than a political change. It is a huge social revolution reaching into the consciousness of all classes. The present revolution is not a mere eddy or whirlpool on the surface of the water, but a deep ongoing stream with nation-making as the object. The final outcome of the revolution does not depend on one group of persons or the régime now in power. Its success is dependent on the will of the people, and the people are determined to see that the changes which have been undertaken are carried through. No party could stay in power three months if it betrayed the people."

The present Mexican leadership is not Red or Communistic. Its leaders are so sane, so well disciplined, and so much anti-religious. The Government has at times taken extreme measures against the Church, but this was done to cut the Church's dominance in the economic, political, and educational life of the nation. As evidence that the Government does not desire to destroy religion Dr. Saenz told me that most of the leaders of the present Government as well as the leading intellectuals of the country were deeply spiritual men and believed in the teachings of Christ. He spoke of a series of religious lectures given a few months ago in Mexico City by Julio Navarro Monzo, the outstanding Christian leader of Latin America, which were given under the auspices of the National University in the halls of the University and with all invitations and announcements issued by the University. Navarro Monzo dealt in the frankest way with the failure of democracy in the Latin countries of both Europe and America, stating that the failure was due to the absence of real Christianity, and closed with a ringing appeal for vital Christianity. The Minister of Education asked that his Department be permitted to publish the address. The educational authorities would hardly be sponsoring the work of a Christian leader like Navarro Monzo if it were the purpose of the administration to destroy religion.

The Mexican labor movement is not like the leaders of the labor movement in America that the Communists of Russia will have nothing to do with them. As a matter of fact, when the head of the labor movement of Mexico, Mr. Luis Morones, attempted to go to Russia to study conditions the Soviet Government refused to honor his passport. The program of reform in Mexico is not Communistic, but intensely humanistic.

Dr. Saenz told me about the significant progress now being made in connection with road building, school development, and land reforms.

"A system of paved roads," he said, "extending from the American border to Mexico City, from the capital eastward to the Gulf, westward to the Pacific, and southward to Central America, is now under construction. This huge enterprise covers more than three thousand miles, and is fashioned like the spokes of a wheel extending from the hub to the rim. Five years ago no one thought of roads. To-day Mexico is road mad. Even the smallest villages are agitating for roads. New roads are penetrating places never before reached except by trails. Automobiles are seen for the first time, and let me assure you when a car does arrive among the Indians it creates a sensation. Telephone and telegraph lines follow the newly constructed highways. Regular delivery of mails is assured, and over these routes ideas as well as goods are carried far into the interior. In one State 'Roads and Schools' have become the official motto or slogan of the government and is used on all State papers as well as on countryside signboards."

IN speaking of the rapid growth of the number of schools in Mexico Dr. Saenz's eyes snapped. Schools are to him what children are to a mother.

"We are proceeding on the theory that elementary education should be a gift of the State to *all* the people. Fortunately, in 1922 the Federal Government was given authority to establish schools in any State of the Republic. In accordance with the spirit of the times, the Central Government in establishing the new schools, has gone mainly to the country districts, to the small villages, and scattered communities. These have

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hitherto been left without schools. In four and a half years, beginning in 1923, more than three thousand new rival schools—country schools taught as a rule by one teacher—have been opened!

"I have just returned from a visit to thirty-seven of these schools in the Sierra region of the State of Puebla. What I saw is so typical of what is going on in those three thousand schools, and such an indication of the spirit of the times in my country, that I cannot resist the temptation to say a word about it.

"These schools are scattered in one of the most mountainous regions of Mexico, eight hours by rail from Mexico City. They can only be reached on horseback, and it takes at least two weeks to cover the territory over which they lie. The enthusiastic receptions which I received will be remembered as long as I live. I was feasted and garlanded at every village. In thirteen days I was forced to partake of fourteen turkey feasts. Aztec Indians, in a primitive state of civilization, live in these mountains. They know no Spanish, they are humble, quiet, and dignified, and have a deep devotion to their schools.

"The schoolhouse is always the best building in the village, second only to the over-towering church. The equipment and general atmosphere are most informal. There is almost always a night session for adults. The schoolroom is large and airy, the equipment simple. Outside is a playground. Two posts with baskets speak of basketball. There is a little garden with flowers and a truck garden with individual plots for the children. One acre of tillable land has some kind of commercial crop and is worked in co-operation by the children and their parents. In most places this serves as an experimental plot. In the rear of the school the pigeon-houses, chicken-runs, and rabbit pens, as well as an apiary complete the annexes. A hair-clipping machine is always part of the equipment and is freely used by the teacher at recess time. If children do not come to school as clean as they should, either in their bodies or in their clothes, the teacher takes all the time necessary to wash them. Every year the children and parents are vaccinated by the teacher. The schools are co-educational. Children from seven to fourteen years of age attend by day, while the adults come at night.

"A number of activities and occupations are always in progress in or about the school. Let me give you a representative list of articles made by the children: soap, candlesticks, blankets, embroidery, lace-work, clothing, baskets, brushes, small furniture, toys, mats, bread, candied fruit, and paintings. The ingenuity and skill of the Indian children seem to be unlimited. Their patience is proverbial. The three R's are taught, of course. There are singing, dancing, and dramatizations. A Mexican flag and a picture of the President are always seen and tooth-brushes, one for each child, are also in sight."

SINCE the Indian, with the mestizo who shares his life, makes up the bulk of the population, every effort is being made to foster Indian culture and make it the real basis for a larger participation in national activities, without developing a "reservation system." Formerly, the educated classes were ashamed of anything that was Mexican and all education was carried along the line of foreign traditions. But now they are proud of everything that is national and indigenous.

The Federal Government is attempting integration by education to help the Indian to think and feel in Spanish, to bring him into that community of ideas and emotions which is Mexico, without sacrifice of his wonderful patience and quietness, his marvelous physical and mental endurance, and his artistic temperament.

When I asked Dr. John Dewey, educator and philosopher, about Dr. Saenz and his work, he replied immediately: "He is the chief factor in the reconstruction of Mexican education. There is in the new educational reforms of Mexico vitality, energy, sacrificial devotion, and the desire to put into operation what is best approved in contemporary theory, and, above all, the will to use whatever is at hand."

IN explaining the land reforms Dr. Saenz made it clear that the Constitution of 1917 did three things: (1) Nullified past illegal action on the part of the Government having to do with land, forests, and waters belonging to villages and communities and automatically restored title to such communal lands to the villages; (2) provided for the endowment of villages lacking *ejidos* with lands for the same; (3) provided the local machinery for putting the decree into effect, consisting of a National Agrarian Commission of nine members and a State commission of five members for each State.

"In 1910," continued Dr. Saenz, "after thirty years of Diaz, and when Mexico had reached a population of fifteen million, the total number of rural landholders was only 37,000, while something like 6,000 large *haciendas* were owned by a very limited number of individuals. The land is now being given back to the people either by restitution or by outright donation. Up to the end of 1926 more than 7,200,000 acres had been definitely distributed. Measures have been taken to prevent the peasant from selling his newly acquired holdings, and help must be given to enable him to work them. The law of 'Familiar Patrimony' provides that the property should always remain in the hands of the family, while a program of rural rehabilitation and a system of farmers' co-operative banks have greatly helped the peasants.

"The owners of the estates that have been returned to the people are, naturally, loud in their protests, and, if they happen to be foreigners, as many of them are, they appeal to their home Government, demanding action against the Mexican authorities. Since more than 1,400,000 acres of foreign-owned land have already been affected, it is easy to see why these foreigners are so loud in their protests against the agrarian policy of my Government. The difficulty is increased, of course, by the fact that lack of money in the national treasury has made it necessary for the Government to give bonds for the lands taken rather than cash payment.

"When we consider that a statistical distribution would give to each person in Mexico only two acres, and the fact that one man in the State of Chihuahua owned 15,000,000 acres, that another in Coahuila had 17,000,000, and that, in fact, the smallest *hacienda* in Mexico comprises 2,500 acres, and there are three hundred of them with more than 25,000 acres, these facts, I say, would explain and even justify any movement for the better distribution of property. It would explain any method of procedure, even outright confiscation, to serve the same purpose. Ten years ago people were saying about the labor organizations exactly what they are now saying about the agrarian organizations. We may regret the inconvenience and trouble, but there is no alternative. Four hundred years of waiting have made pariahs of us all. The people have waited too long."

I CAME away from the interview feeling distinctly that Mexico is on the move. She has turned the corner and is facing a new day. Courageous men—men of character and determination—are at the helm. Furthermore, the leaders are backed by public opinion, and the public opinion of fifteen million people when it becomes articulate will be listened to, even by the United States of America.

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Salesmen of the King

By JAMES SCHERMERHORN

"SEEST thou a man diligent in business?" You remember the rest of the Proverb—"He shall stand before kings."

The saying that was written came to pass when their sovereign majesties, George V and Mary, rode the length of the rebuilt and beautified Regent Street, the sightliest and most exclusive shopping artery of London.

Beginning where the street swings in graceful curve from Piccadilly and down its entire length, flags, flowers and festoons imparted to the marble fronts of uniform height a gala aspect as the royal car went by, preceded by outriders in scarlet coats.

Heralds ceased their trumpetings while the Mayor of Westminster delivered a few dedicatory words within hearing of the reigning house of the British Empire.

"Silversmiths to His Majesty," "Furriers by Appointment," and like legends, set off with kingly crests, were emblazoned over shop windows, themselves bowers of beauty.

Did the tens of thousands who took in the colors and the excitements of it all, take in all that was back of the presence of the king and queen as central figures of this merchandising pageant?

A few weeks later at Olympia a vast exhibition, stressing art in advertising, commanded royal patronage. The Duke of York made the wonderful display of pictorial salesmanship the occasion of his first public appearance since his return from Australia.

"Advertising seems to have become a great power in the land," said His Royal Highness, surveying the attractive presentation of the Empire's products and the irresistible devices for disposing of them. "It is a new form of education—or popular education highly organized."

Cabinet ministers, lords, and nobles were about him in that panorama of purveyance through printed appeal. For know ye that knighthood is in flour now, and soap, and publishing, and advertising! Voices raised at the Olympian banquets (sessions of the National Advertisers Association fringed the acres of art-in-selling portrayals) derived their inflection from offices, factories and counting-rooms, to a large extent.

Forty years ago those melodic mockers, Gilbert and Sulllivan, satirized what has since come to pass with this ballad of the head of the admiralty:

Wide World

Trade triumphant

King George V and Queen Mary, the central figures in the opening of the rebuilt Regent Street in London

"When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm;
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor
And I polished up the handle of the big front door;
And I polished up the handle so carefully
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navy."

THE significance of all of which is that trade is now second to nothing in the new Brittannia. Trade has arrived, politically, socially. Being in trade, ignoble not so very long ago, means being "out in front" now.

Whatever brought it about—post-bellum adversity, unemployment, empire unity—the ministry of merchandizing is established in the United Kingdom. Barriers built in the long ago against the earn-their-living element are burned away by a broader understanding of the indispensability of the producers.

There may be no royal road to success, but there is one running on to recognition and title after the aspiring have achieved success.

THE Regent Street re-opening and the revelation of advertising's relation to marketing at Olympia—both known and approved at Buckingham Palace—have their roots far back in the centuries. In his "Short History of the English People" Greene ascribes the organization of frithguilds as a protection against the growth of a feudal temper among the nobles. The tendency to unite in such peace clubs—tradesmen

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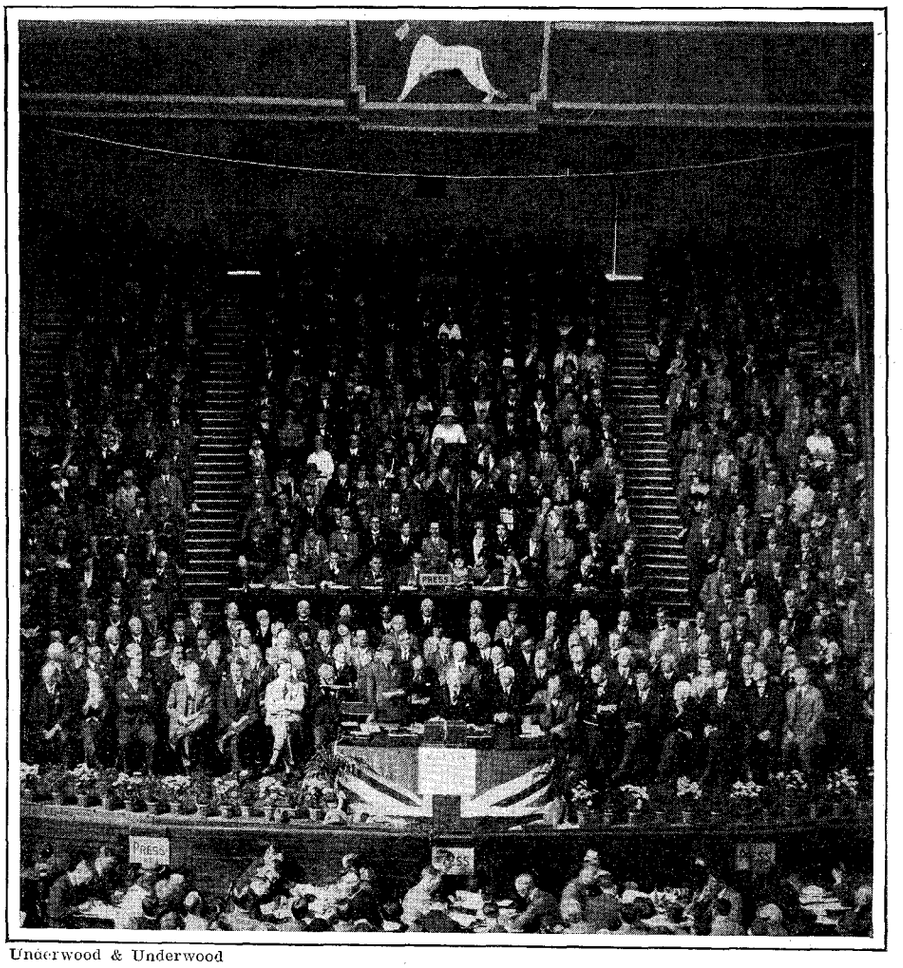
into merchant-guilds, artisans into craft-guilds—became general throughout Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries.

Organization, the historian goes on to say, secured for the guilds recognition and favor from the crown and strength to overcome encroachments by lords and barons, and protection against imposition from greater folk or other guilds.

In due course the London guilds united into one for the purpose of carrying out more effectually their common aims, and at a later time the guilds of Berwick enacted "that where many bodies are found side by side in one place they may become one, and have one will, and in dealings with one another have a strong and hearty love."

The system known at a later time as frank pledge, or free engagement of neighbor for neighbor, was accepted after the Danish wars as the base of social order. Athelstan accepted frith-guilds as a constituent element of borough life in the Dooms of London. A common fund was raised by contributions among the members, which not only provided for the trade objects of the guild, but sufficed to found chantries and masses; and to set up painted windows in the church of their patron saint. Even at the present day, Greene wrote, the arms of the craft-guild may often be seen blazoned in cathedrals side by side with those of prelates and kings.



Underwood & Underwood

The Prince of Wales opens the International Advertising Convention

THOSE ancient worthies were the outriders of trade's triumphant advent in this year of our Lord in London. The late Lord Leverhulme, manufacturer; Lord Ashbridge and Sir Henry Thornton, transportation executives; Viscount Burnham, Lord Riddell, Lord Rothemere, Lord Beaverbrooke, newspaper publishers; the late Lord Stevens, distiller; Sir Charles Higham, advertising expert—all attest the co-equality of commercialists with the nobility and professional class.

There was a plug tobacco producer who held that his business eminence entitled him to a coat of arms. A Latin scholar decorated his automobiles with suitable heraldry and inscribed underneath, "*Quid Rides.*" But they couldn't keep the irreverent rabble from shouting as the tobacco lord passed, "Look-it—quid rides!"

Look at the endless procession of London busses, every one of them a traveling billboard. Not only quid, but cigarette, cider, cocktail, catarrh cure rides! Trade not only has both sides of the London streets, but the middle of the streets besides. Kingship may survive merely as a symbol in the British Commonwealth, but it is outshone, outshouted wherever the be-lettered London busses betake themselves. Trade is secure in its new estate—and also assertive.

THE same conclusion, so reflective of the passion for reconstruction in Europe, came out of the fourth bi-annual congress of the International Chamber of Commerce in Stockholm, in July last. Sweden's beautiful capital received the 1,000 delegates with nothing of the old contemptuousness for tradesmen, but as the full-credentialled ambassadors of business, world statesmen seeking restored confidence and prosperity.

The king, princes and princesses gave their presence to the business sessions and social functions of the congress, thus indicating that the divine rights of kings must take due account of the development of trade and industry.

In one of his "Songs of the Seven Seas," Kipling relates how Mulholland promised the Almighty he would become his minister if he would save the storm-tossed cattle-ship. The craft rode safely into harbor and Mulholland prayed again and said: "You have spared our lives, O God! Now put upon me the robes of office and I will enter the pulpit and become your minister!" But the Almighty answered, "Nay, Mulholland! Be my minister on the cattle-ship!"

The commercial and industrial crisis in the Old World is calling for an aristocracy of quality and competency to take hold without disadvantage as to rank, recognition, or prestige, and serve at the strategic points of economic recovery.

The nation's ministers in ships, shops, stores!

Trade has not only attained parity with the noble and the professional, but is on the way to still higher distinction. Commercialists may outstrip chancelleries in establishing the "covenanted friendship of the world."

A real league of nations looking to the outlawing of wholesale slaughter in the name of national integrity or patriotism, was the trade gathering at Stockholm, for both Germany and the United States were there in a "parliament of man, a federation of the world" to promote amity and mutuality.

Something better than an incomplete league of nations was at Ostend last June—the international convention of that fine-visioned body of business clubs that carry the name of Rotary, and whose sixth objective is world concord.

"Friendliness in international rela-

(Continued on page 93)

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The Voice of the Immigrant

Foreign Newspapers Published in America as the Immigrants' Spokesmen

By EDWARD CORSI

WHAT is America to an immigrant? How is the immigrant to be brought closer to American life?

On the theory that such questions are best answered by the immigrant himself, or by men in a position to speak for him, The Outlook has invited a number of foreign-language newspaper editors, representing twelve immigrant groups, to give their opinions.

No country in the world has a larger foreign-language press than we have here. Our fourteen million foreign-born are said to read some twenty-five thousand publications in their own tongues. Of these 165 are dailies, 870 weeklies, and the rest either monthlies, semi-monthlies, or quarterlies. In Greater New York, with its immense polyglot populations, the foreign dailies boast as high a circulation as almost one million copies, with the Jews, Germans and Italians in the lead. The average foreign publication is the product of a few hands, often written and printed by the same man. It lives from day to day, or from week to week, and the slightest ill wind will cause it to subside. On the other hand, such publications as "Forward," "Corriere D'America," "Il Progresso," the "Staats-Zeitung," the "Russky Golos," "Atlantis," "La Prensa," "Courrier Des Etats Unis" and others of their kind are firmly established, well organized, and ably written.

The influence of this press is not to be questioned. Its power for good or evil is unlimited. In form it follows the school of "personal journalism," preferring the standards of Europe to those of America. Not only are its editorials signed, but its news columns are so "doctored" as to be made to coincide with its editorial policies. The American newspaper, strictly impersonal, has a voice of its own—that is to say, it speaks as a newspaper, a journalistic entity, and its opinions are those of a group of editors hardly known to the public. Not so with the foreign-language publication, excepting, of course, the large daily. Its voice is that of its editor or editor-owner.

There is no more important figure in any immigrant "colony" than the editor of the immigrant newspaper. He is the alpha and the omega of every movement among his people, whatever be its nature. Without his aid and that of his publication very little is possible. He speaks for his people, and, through him, his people speak to the world. He knows their wants and needs, their likes and dislikes, their prejudices and convictions. He is the comforter of the homesick "exile," the ruler of his mind and vote. In years gone by, when the immigrant press was but a shadow of its present self, the property of "bankers" and barbers, this editor was a poor scribbler of bad prose and worse poetry. To-day he is a professional journalist, the equal of his European colleagues. Many of Europe's best editors have found their way to this country since the war.

Edward Corsi

STREET riots and bomb explosions after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti have shown the danger ot disunity between the United States and its immigrants. What America means to the people who have left their own countries to make homes here is a critical question for the future. Mr. Corsi presents a set of suggestive answers from the point of view of men who see through the immigrant's eyes.

THE EDITORS.

What, then, are the opinions of these editors?

I might say that each editor has an opinion of his own, limited to his own experiences and those of his group. The points on which they all agree are few compared to those on which they disagree. We are dealing, of course, with men of different mentality, different temperament, and, naturally, different reactions. Let me illustrate. Geza D. Berko, of the "Amerikai Magyar Nepszava," tells us that the Hungarians, "sons of Louis Kossuth," are a liberty-loving people and appreciate the freedom they enjoy here. Ivan Ovuntsoff, of the "Novoye Russkoye Slovo," on the other hand, complains that the Russians, also a liberty-loving people, find less comfort here than "in Russia under the Czars." Thus one editor praises America for the very quality which, in the opinion of the other, she does not possess. Not only are the impressions and opinions of one group at variance with those of another, which is natural, but there is lack of harmony even among spokesmen of the same group. One Swedish editor, for instance, feels that his people by immigrating are compensated morally, spiritually, and financially. Another replies that they are compensated only in proportion to their ability to learn English, while a third adds "they are hardly compensated." Variety being the spice of life even among immigrant editors, uniformity of opinion is not to be had.

Now, in the mind of every immigrant there are at least two Americas, one of fancy and one of fact. When I speak of the immigrant, I mean the bread-winner of our acquaintance, a peasant or worker, without education, inexperienced of the world, credulous, and easily disillusioned. I am not concerned with the new arrival (the post-war immigrant), who is in most cases a member of the middle class, nor with the "Nordics" from English-speaking countries. These have few illusions and less heartaches. The America of the immigrant's fancy is the Utopia of his dreams, a land of liberty unrestrained and fortunes easily acquired. This America is a European creation, a legend that has found its way in the towns and hamlets of the Old World, personified in Washington and Morgan, Lincoln and Rockefeller, in the peasant who returns

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Courtesy Foreign Language Information Service

A few of the 1,200 foreign-language newspapers published in the United States

home with money and experience, in the East Side boy who rises to political fame and industrial power. In thinking of the millions who sell all that they have, who abandon all that they hold dear, to venture life in a strange and unknown world, it is well to remember this Utopia. It helps explain our five decades of mass immigration and the deserted villages of Europe.

The America of fact is quite something else. It dawns upon the immigrant with his landing at Ellis Island, chilling him to the marrow of his bones. It presents no streets paved with gold, no fortunes easily acquired, no liberty unrestrained. On the other hand, its offering is hard, incessant labor and bitter struggle. In the words of M. S. Dunin, of the Polish "Ameryka Echo," this America is "variable, disappointing, not as ideal as imagined." Its impression on the newly arrived is a discouraging one. "It compels him to work long hours in steel mills," says Ivan F. Lupis, of the Serb, Croat, Slovene, "Hravatski Glasnik," "live segregated in mining towns, with no opportunities to learn English, to read, study, distinguish. It subjects him to injustices and misunderstandings in court (with too long and heavy punishments compared to natives), continual cheating by 'banker,' 'boss,' 'lawyer,' and 'promoter.' It offers no protection from the thousands of abuses practiced on the 'ignorant foreigner.'" "The wonderful impression," adds Colonel Andrew Cherna, of the Hungarian "Szabadsag," "turns to psychic disappointment at the end of a few years of work in our factories," where the immigrant learns "that he is not a white man as he used to be on the other side."

There is another America, of course, an America which is neither a Utopia nor a steel mill nor a factory. This is the real America, real to every man or woman who, without false illusions or unfair pretensions, embraces her spirit and enters into her life. To be sure, "she is imperfect, immature, ambitious, and without patience," but also fair and magnanimous. She is known to every immigrant who has come into contact with her and reaped of her fruits. "Nowhere on earth," says V. K. Rackakauskas, of the Lithuanian "Dirva," "is personal freedom, individual initiative, and business enterprise guarded with greater care." "She is the goal of the liberty loving," adds Oliver Linden, of the Swedish "Svenska Amerikanaren," "and a land of economic promise."

The immigrant's aim is to attain to this America, but his journey is an arduous and difficult one. His first step is one of adjustment, of "settling down." Unable to speak English, a stranger in a strange land, with no funds and often no friends, he seeks comfort and protection among his own. He settles in a foreign "colony"—a Little Italy, a Little Hungary, a Ghetto—and unless fortune favors him he remains in that "colony" to the end of his days.

"These 'colonies,'" the editor of the Italian "La Follia" explains, "are not mere accidents. They are the products of that 'will to live' which is common to all men. We might never have had such 'colonies,' or we might have greatly reduced their number, had the American people been more conscious of our difficulties and less prejudiced against us." It is in "colonies" such as these, with their foreign customs and standards, that the immigrant lives his spiritual life, out of contact with the life of the country about him. Thus when we ask if America fills the immigrant's spiritual needs, we are reminded that the immigrant's America is one of his own making. "Only a limited number of my people," says the editor of the "Hrvatski Glasnik," "find compensation in America. The mass has its own association, its own songs, music, and amusements, all related to the old country." The editor of the Slovak "Obrana" speaks in like terms. His countrymen have little contact with America. "They have lived their national life in this country since 1886." The Armenians, in the words of the "Gotchnag," do get some spiritual satisfactions, but only when they become adjusted to their new environments. With the Poles it is a matter of "individual and not national adaptability," while in the case of the Bohemians spiritual and material progress go hand in hand. The least repaid seem to be the Russians, who "accept American culture in form but not in spirit." The only tone of optimism is furnished by the editors of the "California Greek" and the "Amerikai Magyar Nepszava." Their people are well compensated, especially the Greeks, who, if we are to believe Mr. Tasos Mountanos, find greater spiritual satisfactions in this country than in their own, "where wars and the selfishness of European Powers" make life impossible.

The "will to live" is but one of many reasons contributing to the creation of foreign "colonies." There are others, among them inability to speak English. Colonel Cherna, voicing the opinion of many of his colleagues, maintains that the immigrant cannot be compensated, either spiritually or morally, while he is ignorant of the language of the country. Knowledge of English is the key to

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(C) Keystone

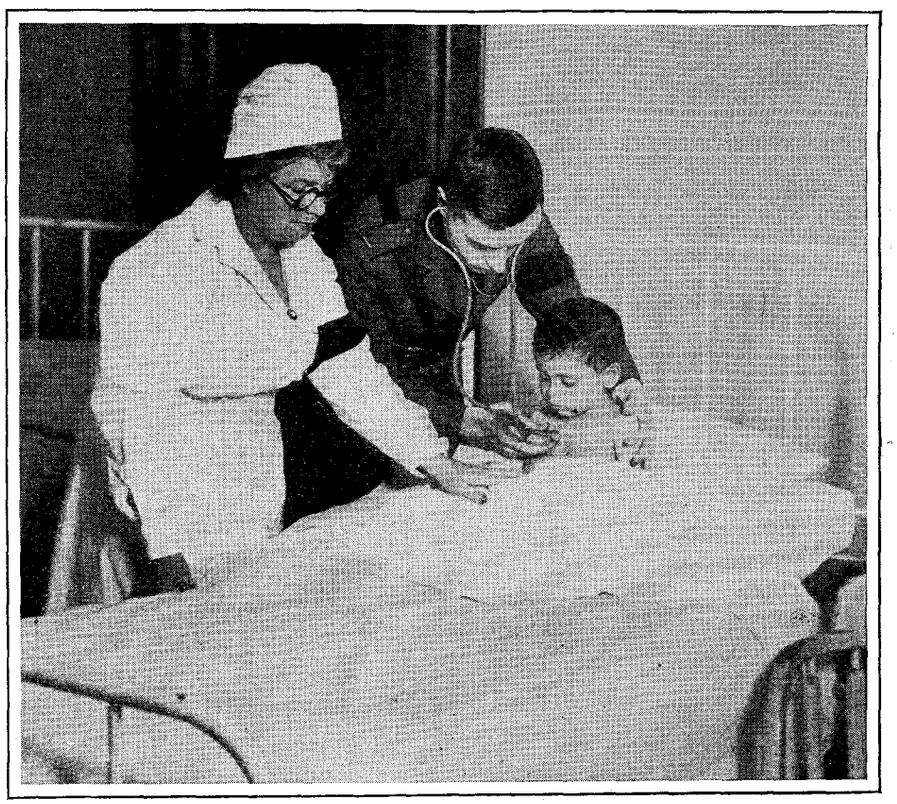
Making an American
Teaching a group of young immigrants at Ellis Island the first principles of football

American life. As proof of this, a Spanish editor asks us to consider the advantages held by the younger, English-speaking immigrants over their non-English-speaking elders.

A good test of an immigrant's assimilation is whether or not he is able and willing to share in the life of the real America, as opposed to the America of his fancy or that of his "colony." This is a test of "adaptation and loyalty," involving a knowledge of English, an acceptance of our ideas and ideals, and a participation in the democratic life of the country. The average immigrant, unless he be indifferent to his own welfare and that of his children, is eager to share in this life. He finds no comfort, and certainly no advantages, in remaining apart from a country he has chosen to be his own. But he will not be forcedly Americanized. He will not submit to what a Polish editor calls "quackish Americanization." He welcomes America's aid, but that aid must be "less conscious, less artificial, and more substantial" than it has been heretofore. The requests of his spokesmen range from a pat on the shoulder to a whole change of our whole economic system.

"A pat on the shoulder," says Colonel Cherna, "does wonders with the recently arrived. But it should be given at Ellis Island, and practiced by the superintendents of our factories, by the neighbors of the immigrant and the officials of our institutions." In the opinion of Ivan Lupis this is not enough. "The best way to Americanize the foreign-born," he advises, "is to protect him. Let him feel and enjoy the benefits of American institutions and then explain them to him. To explain and praise them while he is being cheated and abused, mostly by his own 'Americanized' countrymen, makes matters worse." The Italian goes a step further. If the easiest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, then no pats on the shoulder will satisfy "an undernourished, underpaid, mistreated worker." Better wages, better housing, better living conditions, and a squarer economic deal are his panaceas. The Greeks and Lithuanians have faith in education. The former would have more classes in English, history, and civics, the last "a whole chain of lectures about this country in the immigrant's tongue." These gentlemen differ from the "quackish" Americanizers only in that they would exclude from this work all those "who do not know my people" or "are ignorant of our 'colonies.'" M. S. Dunin speaks the mind of the majority when he pleads for "equality of race, color, and religion as the very foundation of any true program of Americanization." Given that, he adds, "natural evolution" will do the rest.

I have said that each editor has an opinion of his own, and that on very few points are they agreed. That is true. But one point on which they all agree is that the safest and best approach to the immigrant is through the foreign-language press. "The immigrant's newspaper," we are told, "edited in the spirit of the country, does more Americanization work in one issue than all organized efforts. It pacifies the mind of the immigrant. It teaches him to take a joke. It praises the great qualities of the American people as a race. It points the way to democracy."



Wide World

Medical attention for a future citizen

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Good Talk

A Review by R. D. TOWNSEND

THE more formidable the title of a book, the more does the reader rejoice if he finds in it wit, plain speaking, and the touch of a common humanity. An "essay" in the dictionary definition is something of a short and discursive disquisition. Mr. Leonard Woolf's essays[1] are certainly short; they may be discursive in that they are not set and formal; disquisitions they positively are not. For straight-away enjoyment these essays, one may perhaps venture to remark, are more profitable than Mrs. Leonard Woolf's extremely able and subtle but not particularly easy-reading novel "To the Lighthouse."

These twoscore papers have not appeared singly in this country but have been printed in the London "Nation and Athenaeum" (of which Mr. Woolf is literary editor) and in the "New Statesman." That again, like the book's title, is a guarantee of eminent literary respectability, but not of vivacity and humor. But here is an essayist who is not afraid to be familiar in tone, to put to the front little personal touches as to men discussed, to forget that he is writing an "essay," in short to write as he might talk in good company. Take, for instance, this little picture of old Ben Jonson.

"If I had found myself walking with Mr. Pope in his garden across the river at Twickenham, or sitting with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell and Mr. Gibbon at the Club, or drinking wine with Mr. Hickey after dinner, I should have felt thoroughly ill at ease. The conversation, no doubt, would have been amusing and delightful, and I should have known that I had fallen into a civilized society, but I am quite sure that I should not have known what in the world to say to Mr. Pope, Dr. Johnson, or even to Mr. Gibbon; and Mr. Hickey in the flesh would have been unbearable. But Ben Jonson—if Ben Jonson strolled into my room to-night and sprawled his enormous body in my easy chair, and talked, as he did at Hawthornden, of men and books, and told his stories and his scandal about Queen Elizabeth, we should have an extraordinarily comfortable and amusing evening together, for we should be looking at the world and at life from the same angle."

Jumping a couple of centuries and more, Mr. Woolf pays his respects to Robert Louis Stevenson as an essayist, and while there may be dissent with what he says—not so much now as there would have been twenty years ago—it will be admitted that he speaks pointedly as well as boldly. He asserts that the worst thing about Stevenson is his literary style, and in reply to one who declared that "it is as an essayist that Stevenson will probable live," Mr. Woolf calmly remarks. "As an essayist Stevenson is already dead, and I do not believe that any one will ever be able to resurrect him in the essay. The reason is that in that form of writing a false literary style tells most fatally against a writer, particularly when, as with Stevenson, he has nothing original to say." Mr. Woolf readily admits that "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and "The Master of Ballantrae" are good stories but only because Stevenson forgets his style and becomes absorbed in the tale. Just how he would place "Markheim" and "Prince Otto," he doesn't say. If Stevenson had a style, it is certainly in evidence in those stories —and in "The Master of Ballantrae" also.

We may turn for a third example of Mr. Woolf's off-hand, pointed treatment of men from literature to international politics. He entitles his discussion of the denial by all nations of any guilt "Please, Sir; it was the other Fellow," and asserts that "From 1900 to 1914 the policy of all European statesmen may be summed up, not in the phrase 'Give us peace in our time, O Lord,' but 'Give us peace on our terms, O Lord.'" There is plenty in this paper to provoke dissent, but at least no one will go to sleep over it.

The fact is that wherever one opens this collection of essays and reads a few pages at a venture he is almost sure to find something lively in expression, or picturesque in setting, or rich in knowledge of human nature.

[1] Essays on Literature, History, Politics, etc. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. $2.50.

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Fiction

THEY ALSO SERVE. By Peter B. Kyne. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

In the impressive new war memorial which crowns the crest of the Castle rock in Edinburgh, not only men and women are commemorated in sculpture and inscription, but the "humble beasts" that also served, from war horses and white mice to camels and canaries. "They Also Serve," Peter B. Kyne's new novel, has for its leading character Professor, a wise and gallant artillery horse of the Great War; moreover, and less happily, the tale is supposedly related by its equine hero. It is not done badly; the adventures and experiences of Professor, his friend Tip, the army mule, and the other animals concerned are interesting, though sometimes harrowing; there is sufficient human interest, even love interest besides; and Mr. Kyne was himself a battery commander in the A. E. F., and knows whereof he speaks. But he is not one of those rare authors—rare in spite of the increasing number who try and do not wholly fail—who is able seemingly to view life from an animal's standpoint and talk about it as an animal would if it could. Professor and his share in the war game interest us; but compared with the story, so infinitely less thrilling in its subject, of a certain game of polo and a pony called The Maltese Cat the interest aroused is pale indeed. There is psychology and—well, of course, genius—in the Kipling tale; Mr. Kyne's "They Also Serve" is a straight and spirited war story, but we should like it better told in his own person. It is fair to add that the short story offers a more manageable medium than a full-length novel for a dumb beast to talk in, at least for adults. By children the conversation of any creature, mouse or mastodon, at any length is accepted quite naturally; for grown folk it remains a literary *tour-de-force* and tends to become wearisome if prolonged.

GOD GOT ONE VOTE. By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Simon & Schuster, New York. $2.50.

We wish we could believe that ignorant and coarse political bosses, if we must have them, were oftener like Mr. Brennan's Patrick Van Hoos, who to balance his deficiencies in education and delicacy possessed not only the virtues usually conceded to a "square" boss in real life—kindliness toward neighbors and followers, loyalty to political pals, and observance of pledges—but developed a finer ambition to make the power he delighted in tell finally for good, even if he must forfeit it as a consequence. Patrick's relations with his family and friends, enemies and henchmen, the Klan and prohibition, are intricate and interesting; he wins our sympathies as we read, but we more than suspect afterwards that his creator has bamboozled us into condoning a career essentially one of civic menace on the ground of general good intentions and a fine gesture at the close.

VANISHING MEN. By G. McLeod Winsor. William Morrow & Co., New York. $2.

First-rate mystery story of a series of strange disappearances and other unexplainable events. The author shows that in capable hands the hackneyed puzzle as to the identity of the criminal is not the first or most interesting theme in such a novel. The story is told by a pompous country gentleman, Sir Henry Fordyce, with occasional diversions as to the activities of Scotland Yard. The chapters about the detectives, their work, and the legal aspects of the case are especially well done. The explanation of the mystery hinges on an idea which was used many years ago in a story by Frank R. Stockton. He used it lightly, for humorous effect; Mr. Winsor uses it seriously and, in some places, a little heavily. Yet throughout the novel there is the growing sense of danger, of helplessness in the presence of a malicious criminal mind, which is the often-sought but seldom achieved atmosphere in this kind of tale. We cordially recommend "Vanishing Men."

ANNABEL AT SEA. By Samuel Merwin. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

"Annabel in Search of a Husband" this might be called. With hardly any money but lots of clothes she starts on one of the round-the-world tourist trips, resolved to grab a husband at all costs. Of course she finds her husband only after she gets back to New York, but at that she did once see him in the course of her travels. Mr. Merwin produces a fine list of possible mates for Annabel, including a Japanese who commits suicide and a genuine hall-marked ex-Emperor of China. As each comes upon the scene an exciting episode develops. Light as air, but amusing!

COASTER-CAPTAIN. By James B. Connolly. Macy-Masius, New York. $2.

Perhaps it is worth while to stand the moral stench of the sailors' boarding-house kept by a villainous dope-fiend, murderer, and wife-torturer in order to get the contrast afforded by the true-hearted captain and his stanch barkeeper friend. Mr. Connolly has written some of the best short sea stories in literature. This novel will not stand comparison with those tales, but it has an original kind of wreck experience at the end.

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN. By Harold Bell Wright. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Wright revives that Dan Matthews who in one of his earlier books was turned out of the ministry for heresy, and with his help appeals to the grocerymen and other laymen to get together and make a living religion outside the formal lines. Bruce Barton treats the same theme much less emotionally in "The Church Nobody Knows," a chapter of his new book "What Can a Man Believe?" (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Biography

JOHN SARGENT. By the Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $6.

To write the life of an author is often a severe task, and it is no less difficult to write about an artist. Sargent had his many friends, who warmly loved him; his acquaintances with famous folk whom he painted; and there were his travels. But his life was almost without episodes for the biographer. He was intensely preoccupied with his art; except with his brush he said but little to reveal himself; and he never married. The author has done as well as anybody could have done. There are many excellent illustrations of Sargent's portraits, and others of his landscape paintings. But not, we regret, the group of Dr. Osler and the professors at Johns Hopkins.

THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE. By Sir Francis Younghusband. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

Recollections of an English soldier, traveler, and writer in various parts of the world. Chiefly in India thirty and forty years ago; also in South Africa, and in Tibet. Written without formality or pomposity, and with a light touch that English officials can often command.

Travel

UNDISCOVERED FRANCE. By Emile F. Williams. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $7.50.

Mr. Williams's sub-title, "An Eight Weeks' Automobile Trip in the Provinces, with Special Reference to the Architecture, Archeology, History and Scenery," should fairly warn off the two types of travel-readers to whom his book might prove a disappointment: the kind, that is, who care only for light chit-chat about trifling incidents and indiscriminately lively descriptions of anything from a cathedral to a cowyard, and that other and more worthy sort whose interest lies chiefly in character and personality—the author's and that of the people he encounters, aliens or fellow-travelers. Mr. Williams writes agreeably, from fresh experience and abundant knowledge, but he is concerned with neither graces of style, studies of character, nor calculated anecdotic enlivenment. His book is not heavy, but his task has been to set forth faithfully and directly the beauty, interest, and association of some of the less-known towns, castles, bridges, peaks, gorges, and valleys of a country he loves and appreciates to the full; it is indeed ancestrally his own. This task he has performed thoroughly and well. The volume he has produced is a mine of riches; of reference and reminder for those fortunate enough to have visited already the provinces of which it treats, of allurement, information, and pleasure to those who have not. By "Undiscovered France," he does not refer only to picturesque, quaint, forgotten places; many of those included are historically, artistically, or scenically famous, but situated off the usual tourist routes. A cause for gratefulness is the providing of a good index, bibliography, and map, and there are two hundred excellently chosen illustrations from photographs.

Art

FLORENCE. By Camile Manclair. Translated by Cicely Bingor. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

The author is well known among French students of art. He gives us here a clear account of the marvelous expansion of Florence as a center of Italian art, and incidentally a sketch of its political and social development, which was a large integral part of that of Italy. This is one of those volumes, now happily multiplying, which every visitor to Europe will later thoroughly enjoy having in his home library to recall and explain what he has seen. The photographs used for illustration are wholly admirable.

Miscellaneous

EPITAPHS. GRAVEYARD HUMOUR AND EULOGY. Compiled by W. H. Beable. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.75.

These epitaphs are serious, pathetic, meritorious, quaint, or absurd. Nearly all of the hundreds included are from English graveyards, and the town or village or church is usually mentioned, which gives authenticity. There is no index—it would be hard to index them—and it is therefore hard to find any particular epitaph. The book, however, is for casual reading and enjoyment, not for any serious purpose. It attributes to the churchyard at Pewsey, Wilts, this famous one:

Here lies the Body of
Lady O'Looney.
Great niece of Burke
commonly Called the Sublime.
She was
Bland, Passionate, and deeply Religious
also she painted in water colours
and sent several pictures
to the exhibition.
She was first cousin
to Lady Jones
and of such
is the Kingdom of Heaven.

This epitaph and some others are of a type of humor which occurs, or is said to occur, in various places. In Sparta, California, according to this book, was the

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gravestone of a man, who had been shot by a "pistill" of the old-fashioned kind, "with a brass barrel and of such is the kingdom of Heaven." How did that jest travel so far? Or is one of the epitaphs fanciful? One of the best of them all does not seem to appear in Mr. Beable's collection, although its type is represented therein. We will quote (from Edward Lear's "Nonsense Book," where it is given in quotation marks, as if Lear had not written it himself) this:

Beneath these high Cathedral stairs
Lie the remains of Susan Pares.
Her name was Wiggs, it was not Pares,
But Pares was put to rhyme with stairs.

Notes on New Books

A GUIDE TO THINKING. By Olin Temple, Professor of Logic, University of Kansas, and Anna McCracken, Instructor in Logic, University of Kansas. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

A book for beginners in the study of logic. The chapter on the pathology of thinking is especially good.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, WITH COPIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND EXAMPLES DRAWN FROM THE BEST WRITERS. By George Crabb, A.M. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

That useful and widely known book, "Crabb's Synonyms," in a new edition—the eleventh.

THE EVIL RELIGION DOES. By Morrison I. Swift. The Liberty Press, Boston. $2.

Mr. Swift believes that the Jews are a great menace to America. Also the Roman Catholics. Also the Protestant Christians. Also the Christian Scientists. From which it would appear that he plays no favorites.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. An Episodical History. By Arthur Gray, Master of Jesus College. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

New edition of a book first published (as "Cambridge and Its Story") in 1912. Chapters on the earliest days; on Erasmus and his times; and on the later famous men of the University: Milton, Newton, Gray, Wordsworth, and Tennyson—their college friends and teachers and their influence. Handsomely illustrated in color and halftone.

THE JOY RIDE. By John G. Brandon. Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press, New York. $2.

A rollicking mystery story, modern in its setting and characters. No pictures, but plenty of conversations.

EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (1789-1914). By A. J. Grant, Professor of History in the University of Leeds, and Harold Temperley, Reader in Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $4.

Another history of the last hundred years in Europe. This one is by two English college teachers, and it ends with the outbreak of the Great War. Index and maps.

THE MAKING OF THE UNITED STATES. By R. O. Hughes. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. $2.

An informal, lively, well illustrated school history. Many suggestions for reading and debates.

Books Received

THE HEALING OF RODOLPHE GRIVEL. By Fabre d'Olivet. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

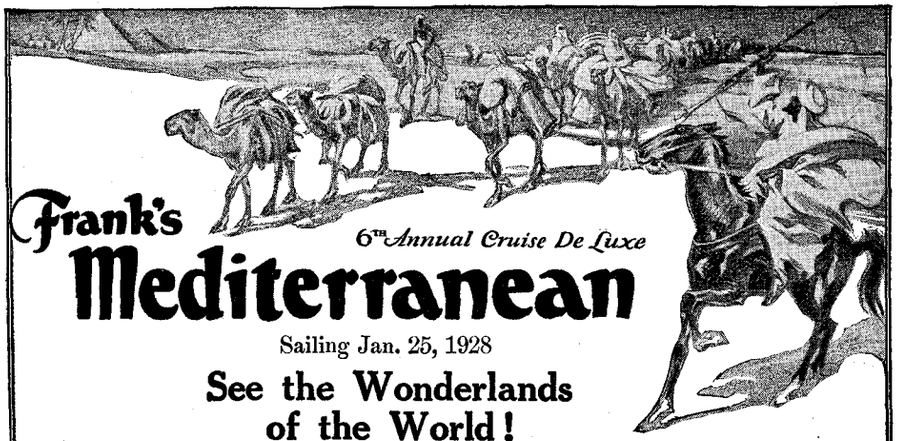
THE NEW PHYSICAL EDUCATION. By Thomas Denison Wood and Rosalind Frances Cassidy. The Macmillan Company, New York.

WHAT IS LEFT OF THE APOSTLES' CREED? By Loren M. Edwards. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.

LA TROISIEME REPUBLIQUE. By Raymond Recouly. Librairie Hachette, Paris.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PERSONALISM. By Albert C. Knudson. The Abingdon Press, New York. $3.50.

TEACHING THE SOCIAL STUDIES. By Edgar Dawson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.40.



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Contributors' Gallery

JAMES SCHERMERHORN is an editor and publisher of many years' experience, though he is no longer actively engaged in newspaper work. He is now occupied in traveling, writing, and speaking. He established the Detroit "Times" and was president and general manager for twenty-one years. He is a steadfast advocate of the theory that publishers should not accept public office or allow business and social ties to interfere with their editorial independence.

EDWARD CORSI, author of the article on foreign newspapers and their representation of the feelings of our immigrants, is himself editor of an Italian newspaper, the "Corriere d'America," published in New York City. He formerly was special correspondent for "La Follia," the leading Italian weekly in New York.

FRANK B. LENZ, who presents an interview with Mexico's Vice-Minister of Education, is educational secretary, foreign division, of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association.

T. A. D. JONES, in his own words, was born a high-grade papermaker, became a low-grade shipbuilder, and is now a wholesaler of coal in private life. He began playing football when a small boy and played at both Phillips Exeter and Yale where he was educated. He was an assistant coach at Yale in 1908, then coach at Syracuse University for two years, and then coach at Phillips Exeter, after which he returned to Yale as head coach for a year. The aforesaid shipbuilding then claimed his time for some years, but he came back to Yale once more as head coach in 1920 and has been there ever since. During his eight seasons as head coach, Yale has won from both Princeton and Harvard three years, lost to both two years, and three years either beaten or tied one of the great rivals, and lost to the other.

Salesmen of the King

(*Continued from page 87*)

tions," declared Belgium's king in his welcoming address to the Rotarians, "can be fostered by friendliness in international trade." And that note ran all through the week-long sessions of these peace-preferring tradesmen from many parts of the world.

Stockholm and Ostend, this year, have re-affirmed the declaration for a warless world that made the closing session of the international advertising convention in London in 1924 a unanimous and impressive gesture of universal and permanent good will between civilized Powers.

TRADE has a long way to go before it transforms vision into verity. But the will to peace on the part of those who are expected to produce the sinews of war is tremendously significant.

Ambitious diplomacy and intrigue may thrive on hatred, but trade is imbued with the practical advantage of friendship. Why be in a sweat to quarrel with one's best customers?

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"A Mine of Interest," is what one of our readers recently, so aptly, termed these columns. Like the market-places of the world, it is the meeting-place of buyer and seller.

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Large hotels, where golf, tennis, sailing, are offered—inns off the beaten track, tucked away in the mountains or at the sea—Dude ranches where mountain trails offer restfulness and delight—all these our Hotel and Resort columns are able to suggest. Before making vacation plans read these pages. A fund of ideas are at your disposal. Make use of it.

RESORTS

Are You Searching for Any of the Following :

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A seashore resort—quiet or gay ?
Swimming where the surf races ?
Still, salt water for a quiet swim ?
Motor tours and interests along the way ?

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If it's Europe this year, ask us about Hotels and Inns where something of the country's color may be lived with. Independent and Conducted Tours to any lands offered.

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offered gratis by another interesting and co-operative department. Bookings made, tickets bought, everything made easy for the seasoned traveler or the novice. When planning a trip, needing a vacation spot, hotel, cottage, write

Eva R. Dixon, Director

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

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By the Way

"If all the autos in the world were laid end to end, it would be Sunday afternoon," comments "Judge."

A grammar school teacher writes: "It is really surprising how many new and startling things I learn from my pupils. Last week, for instance, I found from the examination papers of a class of twenty-five that—

The plural of spouse is spice.

The subjects have a right to partition the king.

A mosquito is a child of black and white parents.

The population of New England is too dry for farming.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

This sign was noticed in a Broadway store of Bayonne, N. J.: "This place will be opened for business August 6th with a full line of SHOES & SNICKERS." Possibly they will carry a few sneers too.

Can you compress a sonnet into twenty-seven words. Here is one attempt:

SPRING

Come sing
Songs fair
And rare!
Love's king
In Spring—
Hence, Care!
Despair
Take wing!

Ah me!
One vile
Thought chills
My glee—
This pile
Of bills!

From the Pittsburgh "Chronicle Telegraph:"

"My dear," said the old man tenderly, "to-day is our diamond wedding, and I have a little surprise for you!" "Yes?" said the silver-haired wife. He took her hand in his. "You see this engagement ring I gave you seventy-six years ago?" "Yes?" said the expectant old lady. "Well, I paid the final installment on it to-day, and I am proud to announce that it is now altogether yours!"

Ham Bone says: "'Taint no use bettin' wid dem gamblers. You jes' well give 'em yo' money en go home en git yo' sleep."

An advertisement in a Virginia paper reads:

"When sorrow clouds hang low and heavy, we render a service which carries efficiency as well as a wealth of deepest feeling. Years of experience has taught us the most satisfactory way to aid a family in hours of grief. You may depend on this establishment to properly take care of every little detail, regardless of your wishes."

From "Life:"

Sunday School Teacher: "And so the angel with the flaming sword drove Adam and Eve out of the garden."

Little Andock: "What kind of a car did *he* have?"

When Director Lord of the United States Treasury Budget noticed that government mail bags had blue stripes he asked why. He went all the way along the line and clear to the top. He never found anyone who knew. So he discontinued the blue stripes and saved the government $40,000 a year. More power to him.

North Dakota is the only state in the Union that cannot boast a millionaire resident. Nevada, New Mexico, Idaho, and South Dakota have only one millionaire each.

"What caused the wreck?" asked a newcomer pushing his way through the usual crowd around two smashed automobiles?

"Two drivers after the same jay walker," explained a bystander.

From "London Opinion:"

Applicant (to magistrate): "I want some advice about my husband, sir. He left me twenty-five years ago, and I ain't seen him since."

Magistrate: "Well?"

Applicant: "What about me 'aving a separation?"

The following letter was received by an agricultural employment agency and forwarded to The Outlook:

Honorable Sir:

You need a man to cultivate your farm or your garden. Please let me know how far it is from New York and how big it is, and if you have hens, rabbits and what kind of animals. Now are many years that I am in this respectful America. Mostly I worked in agriculture and gardenculture and flowerculture, in the same time I was attend to the manner to kill the spiders and the insects which destroy the plants of fruit, grapes, roses, flowers and vegetables.

I know two inventions. The first is rain water, composed with different substances. Washing the plants of fruit and of ornaments, as there are grapes, roses and flowers, by means of a pomp the spiders and their eggs and the insects which are concealed in the plants.

The second invention is a comport of several substances to fatten the earth to heat her, to purify her, to disinfect her and to kill insects.

Here some facts happened through spiders and insects. A child smelled a rose and a little spider mount to the nouse came into the brain and the kid had to die by headache. The plants of the peaches are most important but on account of the insects they have only a small life, and many other facts happened.

I am single, born in the nord of Italy, speak partly partly American, French and Italian, desire to find work by a Sir or Mistress who like the country and to flowers to take advantage of my intelligence to kill the insects.

My character is simpatic, I like to work and the tranquillity.

Please write to me if you desire more informations. I am ready to answer with respectful greetings.

The taxi-cab has invaded Tokio with a uniform fare of one yen (fifty cents) to any part of the city. This is driving the man-drawn rickshaw out of business. Hitherto hauling people in miniature carriages has been a profitable industry, the men earning as high as $2.50 per day, and nothing less than $1—high wages for Japan.

A man who had a certain number of sheep that he wished to drive home. He placed two before two, two behind two, and two between two. How many had he? Answer next week.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "How forsooth do old school Oxford dons know good old port from logwood?"

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for *free distribution* by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
SUITE CC-298 GOOD HEALTH BLDG.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

The Thousandfold Thrill of Life

A horny-handed and sin-seared skipper, a lawless soldier with a light-o'-love in every port, a cattle keeper on shipboard, an engineer amidst his oily engines, are put before us in Kipling's stories and poems—says the editor of The Warner Library—so that we recognize them as lovable fellow-creatures responsive to the thousandfold thrill of life.

An electric cable, a steam-engine, a banjo, or a mess-room toast offer occasion for song; and lo! they are converted by the alchemy of the imagination until they become a type and an illumination of the red-blooded life of mankind. The ability to achieve this is a crowning characteristic and merit of Rudyard Kipling's work.

Had Kipling stopped with his rollicking ballads of the barrack-room he would have won his place in the hall of famous poets, but he went further and higher as the uncrowned laureate of the English-speaking people.

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, *Book Division*,
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Please send me on approval and without obligation on my part the 9-volume set of Rudyard Kipling. Within five days I will either send you $2 as first payment, and after that five monthly payments of $2 each. Or I will return the books at your expense and owe you nothing. Five per cent discount for cash. 9-21-27

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INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria *managers, governesses, companions, mothers'* helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau. 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

WANTED — Experienced governess and *companion for two girls, ten and twelve, in* Detroit. College graduate, American or English Protestant under thirty preferred. Required to tutor three months in Florida in winter. French and music desired. 8,036, Outlook.

WANTED by Pine Mountain Settlement School, Pine Mountain, Harlan County, Kentucky, young woman to teach three classes in sewing and assist in supervision of girls' work. Salary small but includes maintenance. Worthwhile work in most interesting school. Technical training not essential, but highly desirable. Write at once.

MOTHER'S helper, family two adults, three children. Salary $50. Country. 8,044, Outlook.

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CARE of lady. Will travel, go to Nassau, Bahamas, or anywhere south. Loving and companionable. 8,029, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, 23, male, as tutor-companion for person traveling. Has had experience with children. Can drive automobile. *Mechanic.* 8,034, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman desires home position. References exchanged. 7,989, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman desires position as companion or teacher. M., care Perry Sherman, Portsmouth, R. I.

COLLEGE woman, experienced teacher and companion, resident and visiting. Exceptional references. Southern gentlewoman. 8,037, Outlook.

COMPANION and housekeeper for elderly or business people, near Boston, November to April. Educated American Protestant, good health, good family, forty-six years. *Owner and manager summer tea-room.* Would enjoy doing much of the work. References exchanged. C. C., East Dorset, Vt.

COMPANION (52). Can assist running home, or care of semi-invalid, where good will and gentleness takes place of experience. Refined. Tactful. 8,031, Outlook.

COMPANION — Refined, capable woman desires position to lady, children, or any position of trust, hourly or daily. Excellent references. 8,043, Outlook.

CULTURED, experienced, and capable young woman as companion, helper. College education. Excellent references. 8,042, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse with special preparation in administration is available as manager of club, school, or any opening calling for services of well-prepared executive. 8,038, Outlook.

I want about two hours a day of interesting tutoring. I can offer a background of college education, wide travel, and colorful experience in tutoring. 8,018, Outlook.

LADY, Canadian, experience, desires position as companion, assist in home, or travel *with family.* References. 8,041, Outlook.

TEACHER piano, violin. Experienced, graduate New England Conservatory. 7,982, Outlook.

TRAINED psychiatric social worker seeks position treating problem child. Available November 1. 8,033, Outlook.

WANTED—Resident position in private home or small institution by a capable, efficient American widow of experience and background. Has been housemother in one of the best preparatory schools and housekeeper in exclusive Southern inn. Exceptional references and credentials. 8,040, Outlook.

VIRGINIA gentlewoman of culture, experience, good traveler, desires position of trust, companion to lady, or chaperon to young girl. References exchanged. City interview. 8,030, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

CORRESPONDENCE lessons in English. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

MINISTER and wife with highest testimonials desire care of home in or near New York while family is abroad or wintering in South. 8,032, Outlook.

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By the Way

COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH'S chief secretarial aide, Commander Fitzhugh Green, has made public the recently completed cataloguing of the popular flier's mail. He states that Lindbergh has received 3,500,000 letters and 100,000 telegrams. Business offers totaled $7,000,000. One was an offer of $1,000,000 by a motion picture corporation if he would be photographed in an actual marriage ceremony with any girl he chose to wed. There were several thousand proposals of marriage and three invitations to join in an attempt to reach the moon via skyrockets. About 14,000 persons sent the aviator gifts and about 500 "close relatives" asked for money. Letters from women far outnumbered those from men. Over $10,000 in stamps were inclosed in letters for return postage.

"Say," said A, "you don't have to worry over that ten dollars you owe me."

"Why?" said B.

"Because," said A, "it's no use both of us worrying."

Believing that most tire punctures are caused by old nails, Greensburg, Kansas, offers ten cents per pound for all old nails picked up on its streets. Small boys have already earned two hundred dollars in this way. The city then sells the nails as junk.

Giant magnets seven feet long are to be hung under State highway trucks in South Dakota to pick up bits of metal that might puncture automobile tires. In a test run of twenty miles one of these magnets picked up over three hundred pounds of steel and iron scraps. The collection included a stove leg, 24 railroad spikes, an old skate, a monkey wrench, pieces of barbed wire, and a thousand or so nails and tacks.

It is related that a certain man, who apparently didn't like Buddha, came up to him and called him a lot of very ugly names. Buddha listened quietly until his reviler had quite run out of epithets, and then said to him:

"If you offer something to a man, and he refuses it, to whom, then, does it belong?"

The man replied, "It belongs, I suppose, to the one who offered it."

Buddha said, "The abuse and vile names you offer me, I refuse to accept."

ONE day there came to a hospital clinic a Negro woman with a fractured jaw. The surgeon, intent on discovering the exact nature and extent of the injury, asked numerous questions, to all of which the patient returned evasive answers. Finally she admitted she had been "hit with an object."

"Was it a large object?" asked the physician.

"Tol'able large."

"Was it a hard object or a soft object?"

"Tol'able hard."

"Was it moving rapidly or slowly?"

"Tol'able fast."

Then her patience exhausted, she blurted out: "To tell you de troof, doctah, Ah wuz jes' nachelly kick' in de face by a gem'man friend."

Dr. Arthur Keegan writes that in driving through Ohio he spied a motor car, apparently of the vintage of 1905, and couldn't help wondering what kept it moving. Overtaking the relic, he noticed a sign hung on the tonneau reading, "I do not choose to run in 1928."

From the "Goblin:"

Johnny, ten years old, applied for a job as grocery boy for the summer. The grocer wanted a serious-minded youth, so he put Johnny to a little test.

"Well, my boy, what would you do with a million dollars?" he asked.

"Oh, gee, I don't know—I wasn't expecting so much at the start."

THE New York "Herald Tribune" is said to have a stringent rule that every member of its staff must always preface the President's name by "Mr." No one writing for the paper is allowed to refer to the chief magistrate as "Cal." It must be Mr. Coolidge at all times. The story is now told of a caption writer for the paper who took the rule too seriously. When a mountain in the West was named for the President he put the following caption below the picture: "The above is a reproduction of Mount Mr. Coolidge."

The spelling of this sentence is said to trip up many of the best stenographers:

It is agreeable to view the unparalleled embarrassment of an harassed saddler or peddler serenely sitting upon a cemetery wall gauging the symmetry of a perfectly peeled potato.

The State of Idaho has adopted a big brown potato for its automobile license plate next year. The numbers will be painted in green. It is Idaho's intention to feature a different native product or industry each year. This leads "Capper's Weekly" to suggest that Missouri adopt license plates representing mules, Georgia peaches, Maryland oysters, Kansas wheat, and Arkansas razorbacks.

A certain golfer who is so completely absorbed in his pastime that mere domestic matters have long ceased to trouble him, has a small son named William.

One evening, upon returning from the country club, his wife remarked, "William tells me he was caddying for you all afternoon."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the astonished man. "Well, now that you mention it, I thought I had seen that boy before."

A MOTORING party riding near a farm orchard stopped their car, jumped out and over the fence and plucked a bag full of apples. As they passed the farmhouse they called out to the owner: "We helped ourselves to your apples. Thought we'd tell you."

"Oh, that's all right," the farmer called back. "I helped myself to your tools while you were in the orchard."

Patrons who stop at a roadside café near Pomona, California, for a fish dinner have the privilege of catching their own trout in a stream near by. Only a few minutes after you pull out your trout it is brought back to you on a platter done to a turn with all the trimmings.

Four words of four letters each are needed to complete the following anagram:

For household pets I would not —— select,
Though with —— I might their charms inspect
(Of which much has been —— both near and far),
But I would first see them —— with bolt and bar.

Answer to last week's problem: "Four."

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Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for *free distribution* by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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